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MAY 23 1939

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVII. No. 429 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

RUSSIA asks for a "united front of mutual assistance" against aggression and is unlikely to accept Britain's counter-proposals. Negotiations continue. Mr. Litvinov's retirement has not changed Russian policy though its edge seems to have been sharpened since his dismissal. Russia is anxious for help if Germany invades the Baltic States; Mr. Chamberlain is probably opposed to this extension of our commitments. The U.S.S.R. also fears that British aid might be confined to a blockade which would not be effective, while Germany would wage an anti-Bolshevik war in the East. There would be a deep reluctance, not only in the Government but all over the country, to beginning aerial war with Germany, and if Hitler were cautious in the early stages of the war he might hope to concentrate his attack in the East. Meanwhile, Mr. Potemkin's visits to Poland and Rumania are reported to have been encouraging, and it is probable that the fear of Germany is now so great in both these countries that official resistance to Russian help has been to a large extent broken down. While all this is going on, efforts are being made in all the European capitals to fix up another truce. The Poles, with the example of Czechoslovakia in mind, will not easily be induced to accept a Munich "dictat." The fate of the world still hangs on Hitler. Does he mean to risk war? Will he transfer his ambitions for the moment from Poland to the Mediterranean? Can the peace States show a sufficiently united front to persuade him to modify his ambitions? Can they build a co-operative system which is more than a military alliance and which offers some hope to the world?

"Mediatory Action"

The efforts to avert—or postpone—a war by conference continue; the latest proposal comes from the Pope. He suggests a Five Power Conference—the U.S.S.R. of course excluded. It is exceedingly doubtful whether all these five—France, Britain, Germany, Italy and Poland—would agree to confer. Hitler has made claims on Poland which he would not consent to have watered down by any third parties; the Poles have already rejected his claims and know that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain from such a conference. As for the proposal that the "mediatory action," as it is called, should cover not only German claims on Poland, but Italian claims on France, it clearly does nothing to improve the prospect. We should then have the two Axis Powers demanding concessions from France and Poland, with a "disinterested" Britain in the position of "mediator." That

would furnish the opportunity for a super-Munich—but would it lead to Germany demobilising or slowing up her aggression, whether against the U.S.S.R. or the West?

Axis Activity

May 14th was the date talked of for another aggressive move by the Axis, but with Poland in its present mood Danzig is a dangerous proposition and the pundits expect a further period of diplomatic pressure. Meanwhile, German diplomacy in the Baltic has not been wholly successful. Germany's offer of reciprocal non-aggression pacts has apparently been accepted by Latvia, but the Foreign Ministers of the Oslo Powers—Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Finland—decided, after a conference in Stockholm on Tuesday, to return a studiously non-committal answer. The Reich's assurances of desire to respect the integrity of the Scandinavian States are welcomed, but it is submitted that adhesion to a "more or less extensive non-aggression pact" would not be consonant with the policy of absolute neutrality which the Oslo Group is determined, as always, to pursue. Berlin may claim that the declaration thus elicited disposes of any possibility of the Non-Aggression Front organised by the democracies securing recruits in Scandinavia; but it is evident that Germany hoped to get from the Oslo Powers a neutrality which would be "benevolent," if only from terror, rather than "absolute." Disappointment in this respect is professedly offset in Nazi circles by jubilation at the conclusion with Italy of a definite military alliance. But though this instrument, provisionally agreed to by Herr von Ribbentrop and Count Ciano at their meeting last week-end, is understood to provide in detail for joint action in regard to Poland, the Danube and the Mediterranean, the change in the relations between the partners in the Axis is a distinction without real difference. Hopes that Italy could be induced to leave Germany to fight alone were always flimsy; and, in the event of a European war, a nominally neutral Italy would be strategically more embarrassing to the Anglo-French High Command than an Italy which could be attacked.

The Serb-Croat Deadlock

Prince Paul of Jugoslavia, visiting Rome this week in company with M. Markovitch, his Foreign Minister, has left behind him, in Croatia, a dangerous situation. He appears to have assured Dr. Matchek that the Regency Council's objections to the draft agreement concluded by the Croat leader with M. Tsvetkovitch were concerned with matters of detail, and that the federal principle is not to be regarded as rejected by Belgrade. Apart, however, from the difficulty of reaching final agreement on the partition of Bosnia, the army chiefs appear to be adamant in opposing Dr. Matchek's federal plans in relation to the armed forces, and the delay in clearing up the present deadlock is leading to ominous signs of incipient revolt in Zagreb, where passions are being worked up by numerous German agents. The Croat Peasant Party are reported to have called up 150 semi-armed battalions of their followers, ostensibly to preserve order, and there have been ugly demonstrations by autonomists and clashes with the police. A mass meeting in Zagreb has passed a resolution appealing to "the Great Powers" for justice. If the appeal meets with a response from the Axis the Prince Regent will have his work cut out to hold Jugoslavia together.

War and Diplomacy in the Far East

The Japanese armies are no nearer the conquest of China. Last week there was a recurrence of ferocious air raids—the worst over Chungking. The reports of this senseless slaughter are appalling; the casualties run into many thousands, and the damage to property (including foreign embassies and consulates) by bombs and fires is estimated at something like £12,000,000. At Canton Chinese guerillas as well as regular troops have been active; in North Hupeh the Japanese claim that a counter-offensive has held up the Chinese efforts to recapture Hankow. Meanwhile the Japanese public, though calm, is increasingly uneasy over this war to which no one can see an end. So far as relations in Europe are concerned, Japan's refusal to be lured by Hitler into a military alliance is definite, and popular with all but a small minority in the country. The Government might indeed change their minds, as Mr. Arita, the Foreign Minister, hinted the other day, if they found themselves faced with an Anglo-Russian pact that covered the Far East. But there is small likelihood of that, as he knows, and his statement that Japan cannot treat lightly an entente between Britain and Russia even in the West does not, we think, in the circumstances mean very much.

New Zealand's Restriction Policy

The British exporting interests are keeping up their protests against the New Zealand Government's policy of restricting imports for the rest of the present year. From the noise they are making, the layman would be led to suppose that New Zealand is resorting to a policy of *autarkie;* but actually New Zealand's imports both from Great Britain and from the world as a whole are now very much greater than they were when the Labour Government took office, and will remain greater even if the proposed restrictions are stringently applied. In the absence of fresh loans, New Zealand's power to import goods must depend on the total price obtained for her exports; and the fall in the prices of these goods forces her either to restrict imports or to resort to currency manipulation. With a big loan falling due for conversion early next year, and with large interest payments to meet, import restriction is the obvious method to adopt; and Mr. Savage's Government has chosen to ration luxury imports in preference to applying a general pressure to imports of all kinds. Mr. Nash, the Finance Minister, is now on his way to London; and his explanations should suffice fully to justify what has been done. If British bondholders want their interest, they had better not prevent the New Zealand Government from building up in London the resources out of which their claims can be met.

Fuller Employment

Unemployment fell last month by 82,500, despite the addition of a term's school-leavers to the numbers in search of work. The only important industries in which the unemployed were more numerous in April than a month before were woollen and worsted, hosiery, and boot and shoe manufacture. Employment improved most in building, distribution and the hotel services, which were all

affected by seasonal influences. But it also improved, though to a much smaller extent, in most other industries, including both those affected by rearmament and those producing consumers' goods. In comparison with a year ago, the only industry which is seriously worse is building, though engineering has also more unemployed in spite of rearmament. Much the biggest advance is in the cotton industry, which has now 37,000 fewer unemployed than it had a year ago—mainly on account of a resumption of buying after the panic depression caused by events in the Far East. Total employment in all industries is greater by a quarter of a million than it was a year ago; but, despite the improvement, there remains on the register 1,644,000 out of work. As there is already a shortage of labour in a number of skilled trades, this huge residue demands careful scrutiny. Before long we may be told that we have reached " full employment " in Mr. Keynes's sense of the term, even though there are still about 1,500,000 workers looking for jobs.

The Weavers' Minimum

Conditions among the cotton weavers have been deplorable for a long time, owing both to discontinuous employment and to a decrease in the number of looms operated by each weaver on account of the shortage of work. Mr. Gray, in his study of actual earnings in 1937, a relatively good year, found that the average earned was under 28*s*. for weavers on one or two looms, and under 38*s*. for weavers on four looms. As a result of last week's conciliation under the Cotton Weavers' Act, all weavers will now be assured of a minimum wage of two-thirds of their average wages over a period of four weeks, with an absolute minimum of 25*s*. and a proviso that the guaranteed wage shall not exceed 33*s*. for workers on four looms. Low as these wages are, they will mean a considerable improvement for a substantial fraction of the 150,000 workers now engaged in the weaving trade. The decision is a step further towards extending the scope of minimum wage protection to underpaid workers in industries covered by collective bargaining, as distinct from the relatively unorganised trades such as are usually included within the Trade Board system. In conjunction with the recent establishment of wage-fixing machinery for workers in road transport, this decision is an indication that the need for further action to raise the wages of the worst-paid groups of workers is being recognised at last.

Labour and the Defence Services

The agenda for the Labour Party's Whitsuntide Conference has now been published, and the Party Executive has also issued a special memorandum dealing with the reorganisation of the defence services and of war supplies. The conference agenda inevitably includes a high proportion of resolutions dealing with the controversy between the executive and the advocates of a Popular Front; and local organisations have sent in many resolutions condemning the expulsion of Sir Stafford Cripps and his coadjutors or demanding that they be given a hearing at the Conference. International policy is the subject of another large batch of resolutions, mostly demanding alliance with the Soviet Union and a stiffer resistance to Fascist aggression. Home policy, by comparison, takes a back seat, except for such matters as A.R.P. and civil liberties in face of conscription and the demands of national service. The executive's memorandum demands a Supply Ministry with wide powers covering all the Service Departments' needs and including priority for Government contracts. It also declares for a co-ordinated Defence Ministry and a reconstitution of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and for large reforms in service conditions, including better pay and allowances, more payment in cash instead of kind, greater civil freedom outside hours of duty, the right to join trade unions and professional associations, shorter service periods and improved training for civil occupations, and, finally, much more opportunity for promotion from the ranks, including the requirement of at least one year's ranker service for all applicants for commissions.

Conscription in the House

The battle over the Conscription Bill involves far more than the question of compulsory military service. It is necessarily and inextricably tied up with the whole position of the Chamberlain Government. The parliamentary debate is only the first round of the struggle, with the voting a foregone conclusion. Mr. Lees-Smith, Captain Wedgwood Benn and others made able speeches; their line was that the Government had broken its word and that the departure from the voluntary system was unnecessary and ominous. Mr. Aneurin Bevan condemned conscription as the latest example of the process by which the Government has deceived the country during the last four years, dragging the Opposition unwillingly at its heels. In some points, particularly in the provision for conscientious objectors, Mr. Chamberlain anticipated his critics. Negotiations are proceeding to obtain satisfactory provisions for assuring a return of men to their employment. On such matters as the taxation of wealth and the prevention of profits from armaments, nothing but a great national agitation would move the Government. On the main condition, the question of foreign policy and the Russian alliance, everything that has occurred since the introduction of the Bill confirms the suspicions of its critics. Mr. Lloyd George forcibly exposed the hollowness of the guarantee to Poland, backed by the conscription of 200,000 boys, but without full collaboration with the vast power of Russia.

Conscription in the Country

The Government will assume that once the parliamentary opposition is finished, that will be the end of the matter. That is not so. Apart from the completely pacifist opposition, there are thousands of progressive people who fear that compulsion may be a trap to cover a bad foreign policy and the thin end of the wedge of industrial conscription. The issue will be taken up hotly at the Whitsun Conference of the Labour Party and at the special meeting of the Trade Unions on Friday week. The miners and other Unions are likely to demand not, of course, strike action, but industrial action of a kind which will show that they are not prepared to tag along behind the Government until it leads them into a war without their friends and for dubious objects. The deepest convictions of politics and conscience are involved in the call to men to kill and die and to make arms for a policy and a Government of which they do not approve.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1d. ; Foreign, 1½d. ; Canada, 1d.

POOR MAN'S CASTLE

COMPLAINTS are often made of the apathy of the British people and its reluctance to exert itself in defence of its liberties. High-minded leaders like Mr. Eden or Lord Baldwin appeal for democratic revival, but we doubt if they would recognise a genuine manifestation of democracy when they saw it. The man in the street sees his liberties in terms of the concrete values of his daily life, in the workshop and at home. Unless the liberties he is asked to defend are liberties which he can see to be bound up with these concrete values he will remain largely indifferent. He knows little of Parliament and what little he knows does not give him a reverence for politicians. Democracy, to be real for him, must mean the voluntary organisation of the people in defence of their liberties. That has always been at the core of the working-class conception of democracy. Suspicious of politics, the people formed their own Trade Unions and Co-operatives and created a working-class democracy. In short, British self-government has always been rooted in unofficial and *ad hoc* organisation.

If proof is needed that the spirit of British democracy is very much alive to-day we need to look beyond the party struggle and take into consideration such organisations as the Tenants' Associations which have sprung up in the last three or four years all over the country, but especially in outer London and in the Midlands. This movement obtained a sudden and unexpected publicity through the lawsuit in which Mrs. Elsie Borders proved herself a match for the best lawyers in the country. But Mrs. Borders would be the first to admit that her particular case was only a symptom of a nation-wide phenomenon. Rent strikes have been successfully carried through in the East End, in the suburbs and in many provincial cities.

It is not fully realised that the whole housing problem was radically altered by the boom which started round about 1933. Suddenly there grew up mushroom cities, particularly in the areas where the new protected industries had settled. For the first time it was realised that there was big money to be made out of providing homes for the poor. So far from discouraging this type of speculative building, the Government did everything in its power to prevent the local authorities from competing with it. Their job, in its view, was only to provide housing (for slum clearance) for those classes out of which no profit could be made. Hundreds of thousands of working-class people, moving into these new areas in search of employment, were faced with the alternative of either becoming owner-occupiers, paying instalments for ultimate purchase, or of paying whatever extortionate rent the landlord liked to demand. For all these new houses were "uncontrolled." While the Government was congratulating itself upon its "housing policy," something perilously near to a legalised exploitation of poverty and ignorance was taking place.

In the majority of cases there was no question of a free contract between the householder and his landlord or the building society, through which he purchased his house. The householder was compelled by the housing shortage to take what accommodation he could get, and in many areas no house was too shoddy to be snapped up by a working man living in lodgings and anxious to bring his wife and family from the distressed area whence he had come. Men with an average wage of not much more than £3 a week were persuaded to become "proud house-owners" and to sign contracts whose contents they could not understand. The old tradition of the building societies, that they catered for the substantial working man with a little capital and a safe job, in many cases disappeared, and a host of men, depending upon the insecure wages of unskilled labour, were forced by circumstances into taking on responsibilities which they were too often unable to face. It was a doubtful policy for these building societies, but it was disastrous for those to whom they lent their money. If, on the other hand, anyone held out and refused to purchase a house, nothing was left for him but to pay the scarcity rents which were demanded for the few houses put up and let by private enterprise. For it was rarely that a council house was available for a newcomer in any area.

This is the background against which the Tenants' Association movement can be understood. At first there was a sense of relief that the family had a roof over its head; but gradually, when it came to be realised what a percentage of the weekly wage had to go in house and furniture instalments, when the shoddiness of the building became apparent and such snags as repairs, road-charges and combined insurance-policies became evident, a feeling of resentment began to arise. But one individual is powerless in such a case. Even if he had the money and the courage to go to law, it was virtually impossible in many areas to find a lawyer who was prepared to fight the interests involved. And so, spontaneously, as the sole method of resistance available, the tenants or purchasers on certain housing estates formed their own defensive organisations and threatened collective action unless their grievances were remedied.

Directly this occurred it became apparent what strength the Tenants' Association possessed. The individual householder lives in mortal terror of eviction and of the law, a terror intensified by his total ignorance of business and legal procedure. But this terror can be removed by the sense of collective strength; once a rent strike or the withdrawal of payments has been declared, it is difficult for the landlord to evict three or four persons in arrears or to put in the bailiffs; for such an action may merely strengthen the resistance of the others, and each week he is losing a large part of his revenue from the estate. A rent strike is a stay-in strike where scab labour is impossible. Provided solidarity is there, it can go on for six months and has in certain cases done so. Where the landlord himself, as often happens, is deeply mortgaged and without any capital of his own, and the estate has been built as a speculative enterprise, he is in a weak position to resist action of this type. "Rent-strikes" have achieved substantial reductions of rents and instalments, the execution of long-needed repairs, the improvement of contracts, and in many cases the strikers, by organising themselves the collection of the rents withheld, have displayed an admirable democratic discipline.

"Rent-strikes" in council housing estates, such as that at present going on in Birmingham, are due to different causes. Municipal building has been carried on under an inconsequential series of Acts, each with its own scale of subsidies; and as a result the rents paid for council houses of the same quality in the same town may and do differ enormously. Moreover, under the Govern-

ment's slum clearance scheme it has been in many cases the poorest of the population who have been rehoused, and for this reason substantial rent rebates have had to be granted if they were to be able to afford the new houses provided. Once this tangle of differential rents has been created, it is extremely difficult for a council to extricate itself from the confusion. The Birmingham City Council, for instance, has attempted to take advantage of the powers recently granted, to pool all the subsidies it receives under the various Housing Acts and then to redistribute them equitably among the tenants. This has meant a revision of the rent of every tenant, which must inevitably be based upon a means test, and the fate of the Labour majority on the Leeds City Council has made it clear that working people, whether rightly or wrongly, prefer anything to such a means test. Though they may not fully appreciate it, the Birmingham tenants are in revolt, not so much against the policy of their own City Council, as against the drift and confusion of housing policy since the war.

The important fact to notice about the Tenants' Association movement is that it is a genuinely popular movement of the people in their own defence. Already the Borders case has produced some legislation, but an Act on the Statute Book is useless to the working-class householder unless he has the collective organisation with which to ensure that the law is worked fairly. Tenants Associations, like Trade Unions, may abuse their powers, but that is not an argument against their existence. It seems clear that, while we have a system under which the building of houses for the working classes is left so largely in the hands of the speculator, Tenants' Associations will be necessary to right the scales which have been weighted too heavily against the householder. The law and the legal profession are still very largely the instrument of landlordism. If the movement grows, and uses its powers prudently, it may well be that in future collective bargaining in the matter of rents and part instalments will be as much a matter of course as in the industrial field.

WHAT THE PEASANT THINKS ABOUT IT

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN THE BALKANS]

WHEN representatives of the Labour or Liberal Opposition ask Mr. Chamberlain why progress is not being made towards an alliance with Russia, they are told that all would be well but for the objections of our Eastern European allies. We are led to suppose that the Poles, Rumanians and Balkan peoples are anti-Russian, that the peasants of these countries, their economic problems settled once and for all by the post-war land reforms, lead an idyllic existence on their small properties, and their only fear is that one day the hordes of Red Moscow may invade their land. Nothing, so the legend goes, will induce them to allow Bolshevik troops to enter their territory. There is no doubt that the Polish landlords and colonels feel very strongly on this point. Their views are shared by King Carol of Rumania, Tsar Boris of Bulgaria, Prince Paul of Jugoslavia and the classes whose interests and ideas they express. There are also unhappy memories of Tsarist rule amongst the common people. But it has never occurred to Mr. Chamberlain and his friends to refer to the feelings of the peasants about their own rulers or about Soviet Russia. As there are 75,000,000 of them—equal to the population of Nazi Germany—their views are of some importance.

The land reforms introduced in Eastern Europe after the war were genuinely democratic measures, but they did not solve the peasant problem. The new properties were partitioned among heirs until they became insufficient for a living, and the fall of prices in the agricultural crisis increased the burden of debt. The crops which should have fed the peasant families were sold in order to gain money to pay crushing taxes. The land itself was sold to merchants or rich peasants. Large numbers of peasants have been reduced to the status of a proletariat and the high birth-rates have produced an enormous surplus of man-power, which means that a great proportion of the population is effectively unemployed. This economic misery cannot all be attributed to the Governments, although their fiscal policy has aggravated it. But their political action has been consistently directed against the peasants. In Rumania, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria the Peasant Parties have held power at different times, but in each they failed to introduce radical reforms and they were driven by intrigues or force from their position. They made many mistakes. They often regarded the towns as their enemies rather than the restricted ruling class, alienating intellectuals and the industrial workmen. They placed their faith in the word of kings, and some of their leaders allowed themselves to be diverted from their principles by royal flattery. They identified themselves with nationalist claims, suppressed minorities within their own states and urged their own minorities abroad to revolt, thus preventing friendship with neighbouring peasant peoples. For these reasons they were split and rendered powerless. But in spite of everything, the peasant masses remained largely true to them, and since dictatorship became universal in the Balkans they have recovered some of their prestige.

The ideology of the leaders of these peasant movements was individualist. They believed in democratic institutions and a combination of economic liberalism and agricultural protection. Their ideal was the small holding and their aim the creation of a society such as the Great Revolution brought into being in agrarian France. The western democracies, and above all France, were their models. Two factors have contributed to change their frame of mind. The new economic problems arising since the land reforms have shown them that individualism is impossible. If co-operative cultivation were organised, the peasants could use in common the agricultural equipment for lack of which their properties are bankrupt, or to secure which they have indebted themselves with a usurer for a generation ahead. But under the present system only half-hearted attempts at co-operatives are allowed and the results are meagre. The second factor is political. The treachery of the western Governments to their allies has made a profound impression. They can no longer feel respect for a France which betrayed its most loyal friend Beneš and abandoned Czech democracy to its enemies, or for a Britain which helped the landowners and priests to re-establish their tyranny over the Spanish peasants. Filled with hatred for Fascist Germany, and disgusted with "democratic" Western Europe, they look to another great country, Russia.

This is not a mere reaction of intellectual party leaders. It is felt in the peasant masses. It is often said that Rumanian peasants, conscious of their Latin culture, abhor the Russian Slavs. This charming theory sounds well in Bucarest salons, but it has little reality. In Rumania Germany has some prestige among the masses, because the Jews are numerous and are often usurers, and anti-Semitic demagogy takes the place of Socialism. But it can be overrated. In a remote district of Rumania I met two peasant leaders, heroes of many adventures with gendarmerie and bureaucracy. They were splendid physical types and would have dismayed the British traveller who, generalising from his experience of the lounge-lizards of the capital, describes the Rumanians as "an effeminate race." Simple peasants, they had clear ideas on all important problems. They saw the dishonesty of anti-Semitism. They saw the need for contact with the workers in industry and the folly of anti-town demagogy. "They live by their hands, as we do." Asked about Russia, they said: "Our priests tell us that the small people are cruelly oppressed there, but we think it strange that our priests should worry so much about the

sufferings of the small people in Russia. They don't seem to worry here." "Suppose there were war, and the Russian army entered Rumania and made propaganda. What would be the effect on your peasants?" The answer was immediate. "No need to make propaganda. Just let them come." These men were not intellectuals or doctrinaires, but earned their daily bread by the plough. In a village in Central Serbia I talked with fifteen peasants, some prosperous, some destitute. In the building of their co-operative, where we met, the walls were decorated with photographs of the Spanish Republican Army. We talked of Russia. Here Slav feeling mingled with social aspirations. I asked them what they thought of the Moscow Trials. "Our rulers make great propaganda of them. But we are very happy. It shows us that there is a country where big men are punished more severely for their misdeeds than small. Our Minister of War has just been found out stealing public money. He retires, but no one harms him, and the Prince is his friend. But if we steal a few dinars we get years of prison. Over there, the small people rule, and traitors in high places get their deserts."

Among non-German peasants a certain sense of international solidarity is growing. The exploitation of minority questions in the service of imperialism is discrediting nationalism. Among the minorities there is always a difference between the landlords, advocates or doctors who, sitting comfortably in the towns, direct the irredentist movements, and the peasants on the land. A Hungarian peasant in Rumania said to me: "The Rumanians made a land reform here. They took our lands from us small-holders, but the Hungarian counts managed to keep a good deal of their estates. We found that we could agree with the Rumanian peasants, good fellows like ourselves. But when we work politically with the Rumanian peasants, we are each denounced by our masters as traitors to our peoples and Bolsheviks. Now they have founded a Front of National Renaissance in Bucarest, and Count Bánffy, who works with Budapest against Rumania, has joined it. If the gentlemen of Hungary and Rumania work together, of course they aren't traitors to their nations and they aren't Bolsheviks. It is only we peasants who are always in the wrong."

The peasants of Eastern Europe lead a primitive life, but they are accessible to modern ideas. I have met in the islands of Dalmatia Croatian fishermen who speak perfect Chicago English, and in the market-place of a Transylvanian town a peasant who knew six languages. There are men scattered through the villages of Croatia, Transylvania and Bulgaria who were prisoners in Russia and saw the Revolution. Many peasants taken an intense interest in great events in the world, as far afield even as China. And indeed the Wallachian labourer who earns 5*s*. a month who, living in the richest wheat lands in Europe, eats nothing but maize, and suffers from pellagra, has the same standard of living as the Chinese coolie. Mr. Chamberlain has revolutionised their outlook. They are coming to abandon the distinction between the "Democracies" and the "Dictatorships" in Western Europe. The West begins to seem united, united in exploitation of them, the colonial peoples. These peoples are not negligible. They have courage, and a high birth-rate. And, as Herr Hitler himself has told us, 75,000,000 people can make history.

A LONDON DIARY

THE question of Lord Runciman's directorships grows odder and odder. The *Daily Herald* has now established that he is a director of no fewer than seven companies, some private, some public; while Mr. John Parker elicited from Mr. Chamberlain the statement that the President of the Council had consulted him on the matter. Apparently the Premier holds the view that, once he has been informed of any irregularity, it becomes perfectly regular; for he neither denied the facts nor showed how they could be squared with the long-standing rule that Cabinet Ministers should resign all directorships. The standards of public life seem to have declined since the days when Mr. Alfred Barnes resigned his position in the Labour Government because he held an unpaid directorship of a co-operative. But since tariffs were introduced, there are even more urgent reasons why Cabinet Ministers should be above suspicion. With protective duties, quotas, subsidies, and semi-official controls and combines increasing every day, the pressure of sinister interests upon national policy is also increasing. The issue can be discussed in Lord Runciman's case without the slightest personal imputations, since he is not only an absentee director, but an absentee Minister, and no one suggests that he has abused his position. All the same it seems to me wrong in principle that he should remain a director of the Moor Shipping Line at a time when the Cabinet, of which he is a member, has authorised shipping subsidies, and of the L.M.S. when it is about to discuss the Road-Rail Deal. If Mr. Chamberlain's ruling is accepted that Ministers may retain directorships of private companies and of public subsidiaries of private holding companies, as well as remaining directors of any company "on leave of absence," we might as well frankly admit that big business can be, and is encouraged to be, directly represented in the British Cabinet.

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When I tell people that I have just spent a most interesting day in Dagenham, they usually say: "Do you mean the Ford works?" Well, I mean the Ford works amongst other things. But it is a common fallacy to imagine that the Ford works are Dagenham and the working-class housing estate an adjunct to Fords'. On the contrary, Dagenham was a village of 9,000 people in 1921 and it now has a population of 105,000 people, only a few of whom work at the Ford factory, which is in fact a recent addition. According to the local government pundits Dagenham is absurd. How crazy to build a huge estate of 25,000 houses on to an already monstrously overgrown London! How preposterous to rehouse poor people an hour's train journey from their work in the City and East End and make them either cycle all the way into town (as thousands do) or spend 1*s*. a day (10*d*. workmen's train) on fares—a large sum out of a workman's wages. In principle there is little to say for this. We ought to build new towns with houses centring round the industries. But in fact Dagenham is a surprising success. It is entirely made up of working-class people, most of them slum dwellers until a few years ago; they have built up a remarkable community life from scratch. They have the advantage that there is none of the usual traditional and semi-feudal background. The Ford works are a separate show altogether and Dagenham complains that instead of being a benefit to the community the Ford factories have increased the Dagenham rates.

* * *

The Ford works themselves are astounding—one of the most efficient examples of the Brave New World that Europe can show. Apart from Bata in Czechoslovakia, I have seen nothing comparable. Fords are enlightened employers; they quite frankly put down their care for the cleanliness, health and comfort of their workers to business reasons—they get better results that way. They will have nothing to do with Trade Unionism; their defence is that they have a 40-hour week and pay well above the Trade Union rate. They claim that average wages are over 2*s*. an hour, but I do not know what the yearly average wage comes to when you include the slack periods which are a feature of the British motor industry. (I need not go into the obvious political and economic reasons for Labour's objections to this type of employment.) It is fascinating to watch the men at work, with the conveyor belts moving in an endless stream above, while the chassis and the engines and the bodies are built up and put together and the cars completed, tested and run off. The workmen did not seem rushed, though I should soon go crazy in the noise. One man I talked to, who had been for some years in the factory, said that one gets used to it, that the pace

was not too hot, and that even the foundry work does not seem too much for the particularly tough kind of men—mostly Irish—who are chosen for dealing with red-hot metal. It is difficult to see a place like this in perspective. You see the ore arrive by ship in the Thames, taken out by monstrous cranes and run into the works on railway trucks, and come out at the other end in the shape of 700 cars a day. How diagnose the mixture of admiration and discomfort one feels in watching this astonishing sausage machine? Efficiency, the beauty as well as the ugliness of machinery, the vast scale—these are immensely impressive. And the discomfort? One rationalises that by saying that such factories ought to be public enterprises and that the cars should be more cheaply distributed to the population, for instance, of Dagenham, where people cannot afford the money for their fares to their work in London. And then I wonder whether at the bottom of it there is not a much deeper objection, the instinctive dislike that common men everywhere feel to vast scale industrial civilisation, which turns us into robots in working hours and cinema attenders in our leisure.

* * *

If the Government really decides drastically to cut down immigration into Palestine, to give up the National Home and abandon the Mandate at the end of five years, there will be an outcry—and not only from the Jews. Repercussions will be most serious in America. The first row would be about immigration and I doubt if an offer to start an experimental Jewish colony in British Guiana—necessarily on a very small scale—will go far towards soothing opinion. In looking for new and additional Jewish homes we ought to think in terms of a large community of perhaps 100,000, chosen for their knowledge of different types of work. How many people realise that only 8 per cent. of the colonists in Palestine to-day are employed on the land? You need a judicious mixture of industrial workers, technicians, land workers and others, who can build up a balanced community and to a considerable extent supply its own market. The Home Office is, generally speaking, doing a very good job on the refugee question, but it is always handicapped by the provision that refugees it accepts must be able to emigrate again in a year or two; and this brings us up against the Colonial Office, which every experienced person agrees is a deplorably poor department. Mr. MacDonald is intelligent and well-meaning, but it needs more than these qualities to shake the Colonial Office. In regard to emigration to Palestine, Professor Namier makes an interesting point in the long letter which is published in this week's issue. He fears that immigration restriction may be even worse than it looks, because if the younger colonists all wish to take their elderly relatives (as they usually do) and if these are included in the quota, the number of active workers allowed in may be very small indeed. People working on the refugee problem report that they do not meet with the usual difficulties and delays in arranging for elderly people to come to this country, always provided of course that their maintenance is guaranteed. The Home Office can generally let through with ease people who are not going to add to the population or compete in the labour field, and on this analogy Professor Namier's suggestion that elderly people should be allowed into Palestine over and above the quota appears sound.

* * *

"Ladies, ladies, I appeal to your reason . . ." Captain Osbert Peake of the Home Office appealed in vain. The ladies were not interested in reason or in facts; they were 3,000 delegates of the Women's Conservative and Unionist Associations, screaming for the retention of "the cat." A lady M.F.H. had called flogging the only way of preserving their children from assault, so why should they listen to expert opinion? But was it flogging as a deterrent that they wanted or flogging for its own sake? The Conservative ladies could not have shown more excitement if they had been reading Sacher-Masoch or the Marquis de Sade. Lady Astor, like Captain Peake, was howled down, and she found only ten delegates to support her against flogging.

Fabians have never been notorious for dining and wining; but on the rare occasions when they do celebrate something or somebody, one can be sure of a happy evening. One of these occasions was a farewell dinner the other day, with Emil Davies in the chair, to three retiring veterans—E. R. Pease, one of the founders and the first Secretary of the Society, F. W. Galton, its Secretary for more than twenty years, and E. F. Howell, who has given years of devoted service in the Fabian bookshop and in many other ways. The speeches were good, and, as was natural, largely taken up with reminiscences, going back to the far-off pioneering days before wars and dictators had come upon us, when Socialist propaganda was a thrilling as well as a strenuous business. Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Bernard Shaw naturally figured large in the reminiscences, though unfortunately they were not able to be present. Galton was in a particularly happy vein. He reminded his audience that Shaw had drawn on him—fairly or unfairly—as a model for 'Enery Straker in *Man and Superman*. 'Enery, you remember, dropped his aspirates on purpose so that no one should think he wore the old school tie. Apropos of this Galton told a tale of "Jimmy Thomas," referring persistently at a meeting to some body which he called the "Haddock Committee," and which his puzzled hearers afterwards discovered to be an "*ad hoc* Committee." I am glad to know the Fabian Society is not to fade out, as some people had predicted it would. It has coalesced with that young and active organisation, the New Fabian Research Bureau, and under its new—or partially new—management, with Mrs. Webb as President, G. D. H. Cole as Chairman, and a strong Committee, I hope it will provide the same stimulus to Socialist thought and action in our days as the early Fabians did in the eighteen-eighties and nineties.

* * *

The Baden Ministry of Education has ordered the interpolation in the Gospel of St. John, "Salvation is of the Jews," to be struck off the Bible-readers. Prominent German scholars have established that this is not a word spoken by Jesus, since evidently it is felt as something foreign to the Gospel of St. John.

This is from *Die Nationalkirche*, weekly publication of the German Christian movement, April 30th, 1939.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to J. Menken.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Great Britain has however been steadily reluctant to be drawn into any exclusive alignment of nations, preferring, amid every difficulty, to conform to the League principles of resistance to aggression rather than to make treaties with this or that country against another.—*Times* Leader.

Mr. Foot quoted from a speech made at a dinner in St. Andrews by Major-General Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, Bt. A passage from this speech read: "General Franco said to me last November that he had enormous admiration for Mr. Chamberlain, but he and others do get upset by the extraordinary amount of silly questions and opposition that Mr. Chamberlain gets in the House of Commons."—*Evening Dispatch.*

Cyril Holmes, the blind seer of Morcott, Rutland, recently stated that since he had prophesied that there would be no war, the people of Morcott had become unconcerned with A.R.P.

Major J. D. Joyce, the Rutland A.R.P. Officer, at a meeting at Morcott, has hotly denied this. He is of the firm opinion that war must come.—*Star.*

But there are also rooms that expect, and as I moved about the Royal apartments in the *Empress of Australia* I seemed to be in rooms that had that unusual sensation of expectancy; as if they knew an English King and Queen would dwell in them to-morrow. What more significant than the plain, enamelled iron bedstead in the King's cabin, brought from the Royal Yacht? It is a good, sound "snuggly" bed, and it carries the Royal monogram at its head.—*Evening Standard.*

WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS . . .

[We are glad to publish a farmer's views on the latest development of agricultural policy]

THERE can be few in the agricultural industry who do not agree with the policy which Sir George Stapledon and his colleagues have advocated for so long. Some there may be who would not be prepared to go all the way with them, who feel that a well established and almost perfect grass turf is cashed as economically with stock as it might be under arable crops, but scarcely any who disagree with the obviously sound contention that to let sun and air, by means of the plough, into a great amount of our inferior and exceedingly low productive turf is a necessary first stage in agricultural improvement. The case has been repeatedly argued and the disciples of the new policy—or rather of a policy long current in the North of England but recently re-emphasised in the light of new knowledge and of new technique—are amply proving the wisdom and economic soundness of it.

The country then should welcome the pronouncement last week of the Minister of Agriculture that the Government were prepared to pay £2 per acre for every acre of grass ploughed up during this summer. There is no suggestion that the sum of two pounds represents a complete reimbursement for the costs of ploughing and of reseeding—of course it does not—but it is at least an inducement to the individual to prove for himself the soundness of the policy or to extend his already existent area of short-term leys. The policy, too, is logical. It follows closely on the heels of the Land Fertility Schemes and shows a desire, on the part of the Government, to assist the industry by means of grants-in-aid of certain specific performances rather than, or at least as well as, by artificial price subsidies. The consumer and the taxpayer can feel that such a policy is, in general terms, a good investment. It assists in maintaining a healthy and fertile agriculture without touching directly the pockets of housewives. And yet there must be many misgivings about the policy until such time as further detailed information is made available.

We live to-day in a world of "sealed lips," and are in danger of accepting secrecy as an inevitable characteristic of government policy. But one cannot help wondering why such an important step, which presumably has been under consideration for a long time, should have been rushed on the industry with so little preparation. Does it form part of the carefully worked out war-time agricultural plan of which so much has been heard? Apparently the president of the N.F.U. has been initiated into the inner mysteries of the plan, but the initiation has sealed his lips as well. If the farmer is to be called upon to make big efforts on behalf of the nation when war comes, why cannot he be let into the secrets now? Can our potential adversaries gain military advantage by a knowledge of how the Government intends to organise and conscript its farm lands? We in the country are in the dark, but with a growing suspicion, rapidly developing into a certainty, that the bureaucracy is once again preparing to make its own mistakes in its own way, without taking the farmers into its confidence.

For years various experts, and even politicians, have called for a national agricultural survey; and now, here we are faced with a policy demanding, if ever a policy did, the existence of such a survey. All the information, however, which we possess are the totally inadequate June 4th farm returns.

It is suggested that there will be a system of inspection instituted for the purpose of the policy; but can it be adequate? There are tens of thousands of acres of grassland almost beyond the margin of cultivation, with drainage inadequate, ditches fallen in and fences broken and gone. Such land requires more than a simple plough and reseeding in order to bring it back into heart again. Is the policy, then, one which intends to tackle the worst first? If so, it is inadequate and but another patch in the patchwork quilt of post-1920 agricultural legislation. Only fields which have been down to grass for more than seven years are to rank for subsidy; one pensively wonders whether many acres of so-called "ley" will not age rapidly in the next few months. Is pressure to be brought upon the landowners to permit the tenant to use his own discretion and the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923 to be in part suspended?

Question after question springs to the mind of those who make their living by farming, but they must wait in silence until Whitehall or Westminster speaks. Local county committees are to be set up to administer the great project, and already chairmen have been appointed to non-existent committees. Why then dignify them with such a democratic title as chairmen—surely they are Government officers appointed by—by, one wonders, whom? In our own county the very name of the chairman is unknown to practically every farmer and landowner in the district. "Who is he?" we ask each other, and always comes the answer, "I don't know." We wait again in silence for the names of his assistant officers who are to become his "committee" members. Shall we know any of them, we wonder?

The farming industry has often been accused of grousing and grumbling and now it cries "Wolf, Wolf." In times of national emergency, such as the present, there may be excuse enough for rapidly developed planning and legislation, but the greater the emergency the more the need of the whole-hearted co-operation of those whom the legislation affects, and of a plan as comprehensive as is humanly possible.

No, if another £500,000 or thereabouts is intended to save the agricultural industry from bankruptcy, there cannot be so very much wrong with it already; if 250,000 acres of indifferent grassland are to be ploughed up in order to save the national larder, and resown by those who have had little previous experience of the work, there will probably be 100,000 acres of grassland worse than before. The secrecy surrounding a balloon barrage is one thing, the silence surrounding a nation's food supply is another. Cannot the united voice of Agriculture ask, nay, demand, of Whitehall and Westminster: "What do you want of us, where do we fit in with your plans?" And, with the answer before them, the agricultural industry will respond to the call of National Service with at least the same enthusiasm as those whose job it is to make arms, aeroplanes and ammunition and who are also not denied a profit in their undertaking.

AGRICOLA

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW

"LIVE, and learn," says the proverb; and indeed it is impossible to live without learning something or other at least once a month. For example, a month ago I thought I knew everything about horseshoes and the right way to hang them for luck. I thought that all the world over a horseshoe must be suspended with its heeltips pointing upwards in order to make a cup for good fortune. And it was not till the other day, when I reproached the landlord of an inn for having three horseshoes with their toes turned up over his fire-place, that I learned that the horseshoes problem is not quite so simple. "A lot of people say that to me," he said, "but they're wrong. That way"—and he pointed to the horseshoes—"is right for Surrey. The blacksmith who put them there told me that there's two counties in England where it's lucky to point horseshoes like that—Surrey, and I forget the other one. In every other county you point the toes down, but not in these two."

I have spent a good many of the days of my life in Surrey, but never before had I learned this elementary and vital fact about horseshoes. I wonder how many even of the natives of Surrey know it. Most of the horseshoes in Surrey, I fancy, are suspended in the same way as are horseshoes in Sussex; and that, no doubt, is the reason why many Surrey people have for years been unable to make out why they are so unlucky. There should be a geography of superstitions, guarding us against errors that may be calamitous. How much anxiety women might be spared in certain places

if they knew that there a single magpie was an omen, not of ill fortune, but of good. I have no doubt that there are counties—or, at least, parishes—in which it is lucky to light three cigarettes from one match. And probably the number thirteen also varies from place to place in its effect on human destiny.

Another fact that I learned during the week is that, when birds build low, it is a sign that a fine summer will follow. So a country boy informed me, as he told me that a blackbird or a thrush—I forget which—had built its nest lower than he had ever known such a nest to be built in his garden. The next time I meet him, I must ask him whether this theory applies to goldfinches, for in the garden of the cottage at which I spent the week-end, goldfinches had built a nest near the tip of one of the topmost branches of a tall oak. It was then that I learned for the first time that goldfinches sometimes build in oaks and build their nests so high.

Fortunately the things that most of us do not know about birds are all but innumerable. The ordinary man, even if he lives (so to speak) within a stone's throw of a nightingale, seems to be able to go through life without knowing that the nightingale sings during the day. How pleasant it must be at the age of seventy to learn such a fact for the first time! I occasionally meet countrymen who tell me of it as if they were imparting an exciting secret. We are constantly learning new things about birds, indeed. I met a man the other day who said to me with some excitement: "You'll scarcely believe it, but on Saturday night I heard a cuckoo and a nightingale singing at the same time." "Ah," I said, "so did I." He looked disheartened, for he thought he had discovered something unique. "But this," he said incredulously, "was at eleven o'clock at night." "Yes," I said, "it was about eleven I heard them." "Well, I never!" said he. "And what's more," I went on, "I heard a lark and a nightingale singing together afterwards towards morning." "Well, I never!" said he. I hope that I was speaking the truth and that this was not merely a dream. It is difficult not to exaggerate at this time of the year.

One of the things that usually surprise people when they learn it for the first time is the fact that the nightingale is not a universally popular bird. "You get sick of them," said a countryman to me; "you can't sleep for the noise they make." How different from the point of view of the young chauffeur who drove me to the station the other day and went into ecstasies over the nightingale and said: "I was driving a gentleman along here one day, and he told me that he would rather hear one nightingale singing than six ladies." "It all depends," I suggested, "on who the six ladies are"; but what a noble compliment to the nightingale was intended. Yet there are some birdlovers who disparage the bird. They disparage it, not because it disturbs their sleep. but because—at least, so I suspect—it does not come up to the expectations they had formed of it before they first heard it. They expected to become Keatses under the enchantment of its song, and, because the bird did not arouse in them the same passionate emotions that it aroused in Keats, they became critical and decided that its song, on the whole, was not better than a thrush's. That is the worst of idealising an imaginary nightingale. No nightingale can ever equal an imaginary nightingale, just as no cup of coffee can ever equal an imaginary cup of coffee. There is a Platonic nightingale in Heaven, as there is a Platonic cup of coffee in Heaven, and we on earth can expect no more than to know their shadows. When once we have reconciled ourselves to this, how keen is the enjoyment we derive even from their shadows. Nearly all our happiness depends on our capacity for loving the imperfect.

Every spring, I confess, I learn once more how imperfect the nightingale is and how beautiful in its imperfection. Its song may be more fragmentary than I expected it to be—for it lacks the rhythmic continuity of the blackbird's—but the mere fact that it is a nightingale is enough for me. The loud notes coming from a distant copse on a still night, the faint pheu-pheu-pheu saddening the silence, may not be worthy of the nightingale of Heaven, but they are echoes of it in Surrey. Six nightingales—no, let me not exaggerate—say, perhaps, five—were singing within earshot of the cottage on Saturday night, while swords of light from the searchlights were clashing and crossing against the background of the sky. Under the threat of war, their song seemed the more beneficently pacifying. I fell peacefully asleep listening to one of the nightingales through an open window.

All nature, indeed, one learns with the return of every spring, is even more beautiful than, from memory of past experience, one thought it could be. Or is this the most beautiful spring that has ever been? I for one did not know that banks could glow with such a processional superabundance of violets, innumerable as primroses. I did not know that forget-me-nots could be so exquisitely blue. As I look at them in the garden in the sun, I am as surprised as if I had never seen forget-me-nots before. A countryman came into the inn where I was sitting on Sunday and, having presented a bunch of forget-me-nots and other flowers to the landlord's wife, turned to me and began to talk about his flowers. "Do you know," he asked me "how the forget-me-not got its name? Myosotis—that's the real name. How do you think it came to be called 'forget-me-not?'" I told him I did not know. "It was in the time of the French wars," he said. "A soldier was walking with his girl one evening just before going back to his regiment and he picked one of these flowers and gave it to her and said to her 'Forget me not,' and, ever since, the myosotis has been known by that name." That, too, was something that was new to me—as new as the theory of the Surrey horseshoes.

Another thing I learned during the week-end was that modern youth is decadent. I learnt this from a farmer who, coming into the inn, said, after he had taken a swig from his pint-glass: "These modern chemicals don't do a man good like the stuff we used to brew on the farms." "Why don't people go on brewing it?" I asked him: "The old are too tired," he said, "and the young don't know how. They don't want to know. They're too lazy and too fond of pleasure to learn. When I was young I had to work. I worked from morning till night. I'm on the wrong side of sixty, and the last ten years have been the happiest years of my life, for now I have time to enjoy myself. But the young people think they have the right to enjoy themselves all the time. As soon as they have a bit of money in their pockets, it goes on motor buses and cinemas, and by the middle of the week their pockets"—and he hit his own pocket a slap—"are empty. They're no good," he said. "Not like we were." He took another drink, and with a laugh said: "You don't often hear plain speaking like that nowadays." I agreed heartily. Attacks on modern youth are always refreshing, and I had learned from the farmer that there was at least one man in existence who believed that they are rare. Y. Y.

GERMANY AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW"

WHEN Herr Hitler, in his speech to the Reichstag, reaffirmed the German belief that England had desired the annihilation of Germany, there could be no doubt as to the specific reference in his mind. It was taken up by Professor W. Alison Phillips, who in the *Times* recalled "a foolish and provocative article in a London weekly paper." Dr. Edwyn Bevan followed with a reminder that the paper in question was the *Saturday Review*. In 1896–7, when edited by Frank Harris, it "printed two violent anti-German articles" which the Germans still quote. The first of these, "A Biological View of Our Foreign Policy, by a Biologist" (this was Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, who tells us that he still stands by his article as both accurate and prophetic) appeared in the *Saturday* of February 1st, 1896. The second, a leading article some 18 months later, proved in the event to be of far greater importance. The impression made by it in Germany, Dr. Bevan says truly, was immense:

" Grave historians have treated it as the authentic voice of England at that date. It must have been quoted a million times in Germany " from its publication until the allusion by Herr Hitler on April 28th.

Dr. Bevan's statement falls short of the truth. The correspondence in the *Times* has comprised only a few of the essential facts concerning an enterprise in journalism and propaganda to which no parallel could anywhere be found—unless, indeed, we were to compare it in part to the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

Now, as it happens, this journal has a particular interest in the affair, for the full story was told in the *New Statesman* twenty-four years ago. The plain facts make a unique chapter of European history. The thing as perverted has become a grotesque legend of international mischief, which is built thoroughly into the multiform fabric of the German consciousness, German histories and school textbooks. We may be sure that it will have to be exposed and explained again and again for at least a hundred years to come.

Frank Harris was editor of the *Saturday Review* for five years, 1894–9. Soon after the war broke out he was in the United States, and he contributed to the *New York Sun* a series of articles which in 1915 were re-issued in volume form under the title of *England or Germany?* His effort was serviceable to the German propaganda department, then under Dr. Dernburg, since the articles were assumed to be the work of an English publicist; but when the book appeared its readers learned the surprising fact that thirty years earlier Harris had renounced his British citizenship upon becoming a member of the Bar in Kansas. *England or Germany?* was not published in this country, but the author sent over a few copies to friends. One of them went to Arnold Bennett who, discussing the man and his opinions in the *Daily News*, remarked that he had never known hatred of the United States quite so fierce as that of Harris while he, as a crypto-American, was editing the *Saturday*. The central point here is this: with one hand the German Press Bureau was circulating Harris's New York articles as a defence of Germany against the machinations of England, while with the other hand it was distributing evidence which was deemed to prove that the British purpose had long been the annihilation of Germany. And that evidence was no other than the *Saturday Review* articles written or inspired by Frank Harris himself!

The *New Statesman* (June–July, 1915) brought out the foregoing and other interesting facts. In 1895, soon after Harris became owner-editor, the *Saturday Review* began to assail " the traditional pro-German policy of England," a policy which at that time was upheld alike by the Court, the Foreign Office, the press, and the general public. Harris and some of his contributors went in for systematic abuse of German civilisation, policy and aims, and their attacks culminated in the two articles of which we have once again been reminded. The thesis was that Germany had become the first and immediate enemy of Britain, and therefore must be finished off. " A Biologist " put it thus:

> Here is the first great racial struggle of the future; here are two growing nations pressing against each other, man to man, all over the world. One or the other has to go; one or the other will go.

And the celebrated leader (the authorship of which has never been disclosed), appeared on September 11th, 1897. It ended with the passage to which Dr. Bevan was referring when he spoke of its being endlessly quoted: " A million petty disputes build up the greatest cause of war the world has ever seen. . . . *Germaniam esse delendam.*" World publicity and significance were given to these words by Prince von Bülow in his important book, *Imperial Germany*. And, said the *New Statesman* on June 19th, 1915, " it might be difficult to cite any piece of journalistic writing that has wrought more actual mischief than this editorial." Forty-two years after its first appearance the world can underline that judgment.

The legend, of course, is utterly grotesque. Frank Harris was an editor of remarkable talent; but he was an alien in London, politically of no account at all, and printing articles on foreign affairs which, by his own confession, represented a point of view directly opposed to the policy of the Government and the dominant interests of Britain. In the years following his *Saturday* period Harris became notorious as the subject of a repulsive example of self-portraiture, for there were no reserves in himself or limits to his invention. And it is this astounding creature of the last generation who was responsible for the basis of the strangest of German myths.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Miscellany

THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED

" This great meeting . . . expresses its earnest hope . . . that the Nationalist cause will gain an early triumph for unity, order, liberty and religious freedom."—Friends of National Spain, Queen's Hall, 23rd March, 1938.

THE friends of Nationalist Spain
Who prayed for Franco's settlement
Regardless of material gain,
With Spain's well-being well content,
At last may publicly rejoice
Her good old order is restored;
Her people have declared their choice—
And friendship is its own reward.

Though Nazi Party enterprise
Will British interests displace,
Though legionaries mobilise
In bristling camp and beetling base,
Though Franco dam the stream of trade
His friends still give their glad accord—
Armed intervention must be paid
But friendship is its own reward.

The extirpation of the Red
The victor of all blame acquits
Who saved the day for Christ instead
With Heinkels, Fiats and Messerschmidts.
Where liberty and faith return
Mere business claims may be ignored
So British friends of Franco learn
That friendship is its own reward.

SAGITTARIUS

FRONTIER

UNDER the steep wall of the indifferent mountain
The car is stopped by wood beams dropped across the road.

This is not another level crossing, this
Is a political frontier, marked in history
By blood and steel, and treaty signed
In ceremonial hall: but on the well-thumbed map
Presents itself with the accustomed dotted line
And change of colour, an innocent tracing
Disregarding the implacable fortress
The inarticulate guns
Recessed and menacing, the meticulous plans
Of fortifications, locked in desks
In the discreet silence of carpeted offices.

Here at the frontier in the April afternoon
Under the white sunsplintered clouds
Of the gone storm, the smiling, uniformed official
Examines the passport, waves the car on
Into another country where it is somehow a surprise
That grass blades are the same, and the stream
Bears no different tune beneath identical trees.

In this no man's land they have trapped the political suspect,
pursued
By fanatical, hard-faced avengers ; the assassin's hand
Has knocked him into the swift darkness of the blown fuse.

KENNETH GEE

TOOTH BUSINESS

OUR friend Egorych has been having trouble with his teeth. For some reason they started to fall out.

Time, of course, has something to do with it. Years pass. The human organism deteriorates, so to speak. The bones get brittle and the teeth break.

To put it briefly, Ivan Egorych Sausagev, who had been living in our tenement house for the last year or so, began to lose his teeth.

True, one of his teeth was knocked out during an argument. But the others fell out of their own accord, without waiting for the events, so to speak. They broke as he was chewing his food, they crumbled to bits as he was talking about the scales of wages, or they cracked when there was no one about at all. Most surprising. He lost six teeth in a very short time.

But our Egorych was not a bit upset about it. He was not afraid of becoming toothless. He was insured. His teeth were to be replaced as soon as he would need them. He rejoiced in the prospect. He always said :

" I'm not in the least stingy about my teeth. I can afford to have them knocked out. I'll never let a fellow hit me on the nose or any other part of my face. But as for the teeth, I don't mind. I don't worry about them. We the insured are perfectly safe in this respect."

And so when Egorych had lost six teeth, he decided to go in for capital repairs. He took his insurance papers with him, and trundled off to a State dental clinic.

At the clinic they were very pleased to see him.

" Of course," they said. " Of course we can make you a dental plate. How many teeth have you lost ? Our regulations are that no less than eight teeth should be missing. If you've lost more than that, it's your luck and our misfortune. But if you've lost less than eight, we can do nothing for you. The clinic cannot waste time on such trifling jobs. The regulations with regard to the insured are such."

" I've lost six," Egorych told them.

" We're very sorry," they said, " we can do nothing for you then, dear Comrade. You've got to wait until you've lost eight."

Egorych got quite angry at that.

" Why, do you want me to knock them out with a cudgel ? What ? "

" There's no need to knock them out," they said. " You should not interfere with the work of Nature. You must wait. If you're lucky, two or three of your teeth might fall out of their own accord."

Egorych came home from the clinic in a highly emotional state. He had been so certain about this tooth business, and now everything had turned out so unexpectedly complicated.

He settled down to wait for these unfortunate extra teeth to fall out.

One fell out quite soon. With the other Egorych played for some time, trying to polish it with a carpenter's rasp. And, of course, it got loose and soon came out of its socket.

Egorych ran to the clinic as fast as he could.

" Now," he said, " everything's according to regulations—eight teeth are missing."

" That's fine," they told him. " Now we can get to work on you. Have you eight teeth missing in the same spot ? Or what ? Because according to our regulations eight teeth should be missing all in the same row. If they are not in a row, we cannot do anything. We cannot deal with teeth missing in different places. You understand, of course. If teeth are missing in different places, it is still possible to chew."

" They are not missing in the same place," Egorych said.

" Then we're sorry. We cannot do anything."

To this poor Egorych found nothing to say. He merely gnashed his remaining teeth and walked out of the clinic.

How unexpectedly it has all turned out ! He had been living in such calm trustful confidence in the future. And now all his hopes were dashed to the ground.

From that time Egorych changed his whole mode of life. He lives very quietly now, takes only liquid food, and brushes his remaining teeth three times a day.

In this respect the regulations of the dental clinic had a good effect.

MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by Elisaveta Fen)

HENRY SALT

HENRY SALT, who died last month at a ripe old age, was a pioneer of nineteenth-century Socialism and a champion of the rights of animals.

He and his friend, J. L. Joynes, were masters at Eton, and their visit to Ireland and active sympathy with Home Rule did not endear them to the authorities. I do not know if it was before ora fter Joynes' dismissal from Eton that he began translating Karl Marx in popular pamphlet form, but his efforts in this direction were much more readable than Aveling's cumbrous pages. He was either dismissed along with his friend or resigned in protest.

Henry Salt had more sympathy with William Morris than with Karl Marx, and among his friends were Havelock Ellis, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Bernard Shaw. Some years ago he told me that he had long and interesting letters from G. B. S. and had written to ask him if he might sell them in America and buy a house with the proceeds. He warned Shaw, however, that they might be considered " incriminating " and lead to a fair sprinkling of libel actions. Shaw, with his usual kindliness, was willing to take the risk, and the letters were sold and the little place duly bought was named " Shaw House " ; it overlooked a charming park in Brighton, and there Henry lived with his second wife till nearly the time of his death. There they entertained G. B. S. and Havelock Ellis and even more frequently Edward Carpenter. It was there that he wrote *Seventy Years Among Savages*, a title which equalled in brilliance Edward's *Civilisation : its Cause and Cure*. Tory colonels tumbled over each other in their efforts to obtain a copy, but were disgruntled when they found that the savages were themselves and others in the public school tradition. Salt coined the word " brutalitarians " to describe their doings with the fox-hounds, harriers and beagles, and some of his sharpest and most scathing criticisms were reserved for the stag-hunt.

Henry Salt's best-known book was *Animals' Rights*, wherein he proclaims these beings as living personalities with definite rights, leaving the cry of " Mercy to the Brute Creation ! " to the sentimentalist. He ridiculed all talk of dumb animals and suggested that the world would be a dull place if the birds were to become dumb, and a more peaceful place if the cats could be persuaded to be less vocal on the tiles at night ; but seriously he argued that we might as well talk about dumb Frenchmen because we did not understand their language and instanced many men who were actually able to understand the language of animals and were able to converse with them.

He was a lifelong vegetarian, but like Edward Carpenter would " eat what was set before him " rather than make his friends feel uncomfortable ; he was also a total abstainer until during his last illness the doctor ordered him whisky. When Mrs. Salt went to the pub next door in quest of the drink, the publican, who was very fond of Henry, held up his hands in delight, and exclaimed, " Your husband has been converted ! " This proved to be a genuine death-bed conversion, for Henry thoroughly enjoyed the whisky, to the horror of his teetotal friends. He lingered on for a year or so after this and wrote

me a letter apologising that he was an unconscionable time in dying, and fearing that the police would take him up for loitering. His humour never failed him, and on my last visit, lying there in bed, he said " Someone came in the other day and asked me if I had made my peace with God. I replied, with a phrase from Thoreau, ' I never knew I had any quarrel with Him ! ' "

CONRAD NOEL

THE GHOSTLY ARMOURY

THE patriot drowns in the torrential spring.
The preacher, stark and tireless, in the air,
Cries treason. Solitary the exiled king
Paces the foreshore, blood upon his hair.

Money for you, my love. Money for me.
A millionaire has gone without his tea.
The leaking bank has spilt the streets with money.
Money for you and me, honey.

The granite rock has burst apart to bloom.
The trees cry out, the sun booms in the sky.
The china quivers in the drawing room.
Thousands of bored ladies die.

Pennies for you, my love, pennies for me.
To toss and call, and chuck into the sea,
To spend and spend until there isn't any,
Not a penny.

Bring out your ghostly rifles, that have slept,
In the swept attics force has never found.
Bring out the brave equipment we have kept
To hold our reasonable ground.

Rifles for you, my love, rifles for me :
The shining rifles of the mind still free.
We'll use the ghostly armoury no force could stifle
Honey, here is your rifle.

JOHN PUDNEY

THE MOVIES

" Jamaica Inn," at the Regal.
" Midnight," at the Plaza.
" The Little Princess," at the New Gallery.

The new Pommer-Laughton-Hitchcock is a film of which one expects much and one which I was especially anxious to recommend. Film publicity is notoriously unreliable ; but there seems to be some truth in the story that Mr. Laughton received a brilliant Hollywood offer in the middle of Black September and promptly refused it, preferring to invest large sums in the production of an Elstree version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. English films were at that time in a particularly bad way, and this was a courageous gesture ; from the acclamation at the crowded press show I take it that it will be well rewarded. I hope so. But I cannot pretend that I found *Jamaica Inn* quite so tense as it sets out to be. The criterion of this sort of film is simply, does one wriggle ? And I, for one, wriggled insufficiently.

The story is almost that of Ethel Smyth's recently revived opera *The Wreckers :* the scene the angry cliffs of Cornwall, the time 1820, the inhabitants dour, murderous and uniformly detestable. Only the element of religious fanaticism is absent : the wreckers wreck for pure loot. Their activities are secretly directed by Sir Humphrey Pengallon, the eccentric local squire, and in this character Mr. Laughton gives a performance of immense swagger, gusto and vinosity. There are those who complain of this actor that he always overacts, and it is true that there is something inherently theatrical in his style, something that begs for footlights, wings and the packed, responsive house. His is " grand manner " character-acting, and no one has yet convincingly translated grand manner into screen terms. Since I love the theatre and have a hankering for grand manner acting in the vein of Bernhardt-Irving, (whom I never saw). I found Mr. Laughton's full-bodied Pengallon greatly to my taste ; but I fancy a severe cinematic palate might reject it. Hitchcock's direction has its great moments, notably Pengallon's suicide ; but in spite of some fine photography of the Cornish coast and an unusual sense of period, there is a slackness about the conduct of the story that makes *Jamaica Inn* look like amateur beside, say, *The Oklahoma Kid* or Mr. Hitchcock's brilliant *The Lady Vanishes*. The dialogue lets us down just when it should string us up ; at the most agonising moments the heroine has lines like " Please don't trouble about me," as though she were a girl left out of a Chislehurst tennis four. Maureen O'Hara, pretty and with a welcome touch of Irish in her voice, does what can be done with the heroine ; and other parts are admirably played by Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and Horace Hodges. Yes, a good film, certainly, but . . .

Midnight is a pleasant masquerade in which Claudette Colbert pretends to be a Hungarian Countess and is invited by Mary Astor (excellent) to one of those ritzy château week-ends which we occasionally enjoy at the movies. The expected complications do not fail to ensue. Miss Colbert is highly amusing, the director and dialogue moderately so, and it would rank high in the artificial comedy class but for the insipidity of Mr. Don Amèche as the taxi-driver hero.

In her way (a way which infuriates the few but delights the box-office) Miss Temple is a genius. In her latest film she sings " The Old Kent Road " as a duet with Arthur Treacher, and I doubt if there is a comic on the English halls who could put more than she does into the line " nice old geyser with a *nasty cough*." And how adequate she is to the emotional climaxes of the famous old Frances Hodgson Burnett romance ! Where your Hollywood diva gasps, closes her eyes or turns her back to hide her non-existent emotion, Shirley lets us have it fair and square in the face. She can say " Oh, Daddy ! " five times with an emotional build-up as cunningly planned as a Furtwängler crescendo. She is professional through and through. The settings paint Victorian opulence most convincingly and the technicolor process justifies itself by a series of dining-room interiors worthy of the most sumptuous plates in Mrs. Beeton. Queen Victoria is added to the list of eminent persons whom Shirley has no difficulty in twisting round her thumb.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Four One-Act Plays at the Torch Theatre.

Two of these plays are Irish, one Cornish and one German. Unfortunately for the other three, the fourth is *The Tinker's Wedding*, and proved once again that Synge without plot is incomparably better than words without Synge. When the parts are perfect it is difficult to remark on the acting except to disparage it, and one can only commend Miss Natalie Moya's brogue, congratulate Mr. Torin Thatcher on his brave attempt to imitate it and commiserate with Miss Winifred Willard for the refinement that prevented her from being wholly Irish. But one is never willing to miss even a short Synge, and it was clever of the management to put it last on the programme. The rest of the plays seemed rather a pro-climax. In *The Helpmate*, Herr Schnitzler plays pleasantly on the emotions of a professor who admires a soul too great for fidelity but disapproves of a body too weak for it. In *The Mask*, Miss Rosalinde Fuller and Mr. Thatcher show with regrettable restraint the disadvantages of marital relations with a Faceless Thing, and forget that Guignol must be Grand really to be effective. The first play is Irish again, but even the charm of Miss Moya and the rich idiom of Mr. Paul Farrel do not suffice to synge *The King of Spain's Daughter*.

Covent Garden Opera

Felix Weingartner has made innumerable visits to this country, yet this was his first appearance—at the age of seventy-five—at Covent Garden as an opera conductor in spite of the fact that he succeeded Gustav Mahler as conductor of the Vienna Court Opera House more than thirty years ago and was also for a long period the conductor of the Opera at Berlin. His gifts and

temperament as a musician are much more suited to the music of *Parsifal* than to that of *Tannhaüser*, although both performances were conspicuous for their musical smoothness and polish. In the former opera his sobriety and precision secured some of the best orchestral playing that has been heard at Covent Garden and the richness of detail in this highly elaborate score fully rewarded his treatment of it. *Tannhaüser* is much cruder music and requires more fire and a reckless belief in its blatancies to be convincing and these are not Weingartner qualities. Vocally, both performances had many good points. In *Tannhaüser* they came chiefly from Hilde Konetzni and Elizabeth but Torsten Ralf is as good a Wagnerian tenor as we seem ever likely to get at Covent Garden, while Janssen and Hofmann are thoroughly sound artists. *Parsifal* was on a higher level and Germaine Lubin's performance as Kundry was really superb. *Turandot*, vigorously conducted by Constant Lambert, was notable for the fine performance of Eva Turner in the title role and the appearance of a new Italian tenor, José Luccioni, whose Calaf was excellent. On a first hearing one has the impression that here is an Italian tenor who both looks and sings well.

Toscanini and Beethoven

At the first two of the series of Beethoven Concerts under Toscanini, planned as part of the present London Music Festival, the great *maestro* gave us the first four symphonies, and the Leonora No. 3, Egmont and Coriolan overtures. The performances have been of such quality as to make one feel that never again shall we hear these works in their full power and beauty. There is a great deal to be said about his interpretation of these works which must be left for another place and occasion. It is sufficient to say here that both conductor and orchestra are giving of their best. Except for a still greater degree of virtuosity needed on the part of the horns (to give what the conductor demanded in the trio of the scherzo in the "Eroica" for example) and more flexibility in achieving those subtle gradations of tone which Toscanini demands, the B.B.C. orchestra has proved itself worthy of Toscanini. Some musicians have criticised the *tempi* at which Toscanini takes Beethoven's slow movements, but the writer found them absolutely convincing in the case of the 1st, 2nd and 4th symphonies, while the Funeral March of the "Eroica" surpassed anything he had ever heard in its combination of force, tenderness and majesty.

Ballet Rambert at the Mercury

The first of the new ballets, *Paris-Soir*, with choreography by Walter Gore and music by Poulenc, is a gay affair. A gendarme wearing spats and tapering trousers tiptoes across the street like a tipsy rat; an arms-akimbo wench sells magazines from a kiosk; a duchess with a wonderful sneer looks about her through lorgnettes; a lady from the provinces carries a linnet in a wicker-cage; a waiter dashes in and out; a newspaper-boy turns somersaults; an amorous couple, a dazzling creole, and a half-witted woman looking like the Lady from the Sea, complete the mixture. With Poulenc's dry nostalgic tunes such a ballet could hardly fail. It owes something to *Douanes*—even the creole is a reflection. But it has a bustle and colour of its own. Miss Maude Lloyd was spectacularly attractive as the creole. She has a most vivid personality (her other appearance was of a very different kind in Ravel's *The Mermaid*), and altogether her dancing was the most impressive thing of the evening. But the level of the dancing was high all round: Misses Elizabeth Schooling and Sally Gilmour one noticed particularly; and among the men, Mr. Leo Kersley in *Le Spectre de la Rose* was outstanding.

Mark Gertler, Edward le Bas and Anthony Ayscough at Lefevres.

The painting of Mark Gertler is hard to classify. It moves now towards a formally ponderous representationalism, now back to a representation weightily abstracted. An all-over effect, as of embroidery, made of small palette knife touches, characterises the surface of his pictures; his drawing is memorable for its slow simple forms. His breadth and simplicity make him a little out of place in the English tradition. He has some obvious affinities with Cubism. But it is, one feels, with the quatrocento masters that he has most affinity. He is a Central European Piero, waking in a sensuously ruddy scale of colour. His painting is distinguished particularly by his use of colour. In the past this has often been almost savagely ugly. The astonishingly opulent harmonies of his recent works show the value of his researches. All his pictures are decorative in aim and even the smallest landscape has something monumental in the execution. His is above everything a public art, worthy of public commissions. Mr. Le Bas, on the other hand, is all delicacy and intimacy. To Mr. Gertler's crude crimson and raw viridian, he replies in the gentle tones of the English scene. Mr. Le Bas's pictures derive openly from Impressionist models. The landscapes, particularly in some snow scenes where Sisley is invoked, are sensitively and beautifully painted. Mr. Anthony Ayscough is a painter whose charm is not hampered by any great pictorial ambitions. These little holiday pictures are always pretty and a great many of them would make lovely back cloths for ballets.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 12th—
- Tom Wintringham: "The Military Strength of the Powers," 67 Eton Avenue, 8.
- Meeting of Free German League of Culture. Speakers include J. B. Priestley and Stephen Spender. West Central Hall, Tottenham Court Road, 8.

SATURDAY, May 13th—
- Conference called by Youth Movement to discuss attitude to conscription, Finsbury Town Hall, 2.30.

SUNDAY, May 14th—
- W. B. Curry: "Union Now," Conway Hall, 11.
- Tudor Music by the English Madrigal Choir, St. Pancras Church, 3 30. Collection for the Fabric Fund of Thaxted Church.
- H. L. Beales: "Middle Class Democracy," 153 Finchley Rd., 6.15.
- Debate: "That Emancipation of Women is Bad for the State," Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham, 7.
- London Theatre Concert Orchestra and Cambridge University Madrigal Society, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.

MONDAY, May 15th—
- "Macbeth," English School Theatre Society Production, Winter Garden, 2.15. May 16th, 18th and 19th, 2.15; May 20th, 10.45.
- Sir E. Denison Ross: "My Recent Visit to Portugal," Royal Society, 5.30.
- W. B. Curry: "How I Would Reform the League Covenant," Methodist Church Hall, Half Moon Lane, S.E.24, 8.

TUESDAY, May 16th—
- Agnes Hardie: "A Woman Condemns War and Conscription," Friends House, 1.20.
- British Commonwealth League Conference, Economic Reform Club, 26 Grosvenor Place, 10.15 and 2.15. Also May 17th and 18th.
- Eugen Kaufmann: "Maisonettes," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1. Non-members, 1s.
- A. M. Carr-Saunders: "Some Problems of Population," Royal Society, 5.15.
- Recital by Yvette Guilbert, Wigmore Hall, 8.30. And on May 19th.
- "Grouse in June," Criterion.
- "Jam To-morrow," Torch.

WEDNESDAY, May 17th—
- "The Crisis and the Way Out." Speakers: "Vigilantes," S. S. Silverman and Nan Green. Friends Meeting House, Heath St., N.W.3. 8.30.

THURSDAY, May 18th—
- Vandaleur Robinson: "Roumania and the British Guarantee," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- Public Meeting on the Health of India, Royal Society of Arts, 8.

FRIDAY, May 19th—
- Spanish Concert, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8. Tickets from All London Aid Spain Council, 4 Gt. James Street.

Correspondence

PALESTINE

SIR,—When on January 10th, 1939, the Association of German and Austrian Jews in Palestine opened an office for applicants who desired to bring over relatives from Germany, in one week 13,568 persons were registered, of whom 3,102 were in concentration camps, prisons, or under order to leave Germany, many of them old people. It is hard to imagine, wrote the Association in their memorandum to the Government,

> what life in a concentration camp is like: 10 to 14 hours a day hard labour under constant menace of the supervisor's cudgel, hours of drill before and after work, exposed to hunger, cold in winter, thirst in summer, cruel whipping for the slightest oversight of prison regulations, a short night's rest in overcrowded barracks, often as many as four on one mattress. But even worse than the menace of death or physical suffering is the prevailing spirit of disregard and ridicule of elementary human rights and dignity.

133 " urgent and typical cases " were quoted, with the names and addresses of the applicants. Here are the first three on the list—there is no need to select :

1. Father in a concentration camp. Mother perished in the synagogue which was set on fire.
2. Father died of ill-treatment in concentration camp. Mother left alone without means of livelihood.
3. Father-in-law was thrown out of window by Nazis and killed. Mother-in-law remained in Nuremberg alone. Both children in Palestine.

Had the applicants successfully established themselves in this country, they could have saved their aged parents from suffering and degradation. But in the " National Home " they are forbidden to do so. What harm could these old folk have done to anyone, even to the Arab " patriots " ? People over 65 do not work, do not fight, and do not breed ; they would merely have come to die in peace in the homes of their children ; surely they might have been admitted to Palestine outside all quotas ! This has not been done. Humanitarian feelings will no doubt awaken in the Colonial Office after a permanent " political limit " has been fixed for Jewish immigration, and when the Arabs will wish to have this quota filled with people who can make no permanent contribution to the Jewish National Home.

Last December the Jewish community in Palestine offered hospitality for 10,000 children. Here is one letter from a boy, one from among thousands, received by refugee committees in London :

> I beg you to help us, the need is very urgent. My father is in a concentration camp, my mother a complete invalid. We live on scanty support from relatives who themselves are in distress. I shall try to emigrate but need help for my little sister. We have neither friends nor relatives abroad. Unless help comes, she will die from starvation. Her health is already affected by lack of food and she may never recover from what she has suffered.

Or here is another case. A family with three children aged 10, 7, and 4, the only Jews in the place—the father seriously ill after months in a concentration camp, the children unable to go to school or even into the street, for fear of being beaten.

When the offer for the 10,000 children was made, Mr. MacDonald was about to stage his Palestine Conferences, and could not therefore give ear to the bitter, agonised cry of small children. Replying to a question in the House of Commons he said on December 14th, 1938 :

> His Majesty's Government attach great importance to these discussions and, for the same reason, they cannot agree that authority should be given for the immediate additional immigration of 10,000 young Jews.

And he added :

> I understand that, if it is desirable that these children should leave Germany in the meantime, they can be received in this country under the various schemes which are now being operated for the care of Jewish child refugees, if the refugee organisations can guarantee their maintenance.

Homes available in Palestine cannot be transferred to England, and as no guarantee was offered by Mr. MacDonald that these children would ever be allowed to proceed to Palestine, the Home Office, though truly humane in the discharge of its difficult duties, had to apply to them the same regulations as to any other refugee children. Mr. MacDonald's soothing reassurance was meaningless ; not one additional child could be brought to England because he had turned down the Palestine offer. He made a perfectly accurate statement, but which in its implications was fit to deceive those not acquainted with the facts ; and which to those who knew them, sounded like cruel, senseless derision. The famous remark of Marie Antoinette about the poor—" If they have no bread, why don't they eat cake ? "—at least did not reach the sufferers.

So long as the Government professed to regulate Jewish immigration by the absorptive capacity of Palestine, however much we differed from them in estimating that capacity, we felt morally bound to discourage attempts at evading the regulations. Now the Government have gone back on the principle which for 15 years they acknowledged as the proper interpretation of the Mandate, and which is still acknowledged as such by the League of Nations (see Resolution of the Permanent Mandates Commission of September, 1937). Objective tests have been replaced by arbitrary rule. When new restrictions on Jewish immigration were suggested in the White Paper of 1930, Lord Hailsham and Sir John Simon wrote to the *Times* that a breach of the terms of the Mandate " would lay this country open to a grave charge of breach of faith and disregard of its international obligations," that therefore an advisory opinion should be sought from The Hague Court, and " that the British Government should not enforce those paragraphs which are challenged unless and until that Court has pronounced in their favour." The Jewish Agency for Palestine now asks that this procedure be adopted with regard to the new " Immigration Ordinance." Jewish rights in Palestine are being turned into a " valuable consideration " in a deal which the Government tries to conclude with the Arabs ; they are hardly entitled to be both the hopeful beneficiary in this transaction and the judge of its legality. To the feelings and conscience of the Jews, the so-called " illegal immigrants " are now merely victims of a wrong committed by the Government.

These people, driven out of their homes practically without means, shoved (often by the Gestapo themselves) on to boats in which no normal human being would sail, often delivered into the hands of crooks and pirates, tossed about the seas for weeks (sometimes without necessary food and water), when at last they sight what to them is " the Land of Israel " find that the ships (as Mr. MacDonald said in the House of Commons on April 27th), have to " return to the ports of embarkation." And the Germans who start these " ships of the dead," at the same time take care to inform by wireless the Arabs, and also others whom it may concern, about their routes, etc. An exquisite game of shuttlecock goes on between the " National Home " and " the ports of embarkation."

Until a year or two ago there was hardly a firmer adherent to the principle of " economic absorptive capacity " than Mr. MacDonald, and hardly a British statesman in whom the Jews placed greater confidence. Could he now see, face to face, a single one of the old men who for many months have been tortured in concentration camps, because even aged parents were debarred by him from Palestine ; could he hear the frightened cry of a single one of the children about whose fate he was so pleasantly reassuring ; could he but speak to one of those whom he is converting into " illegals " —I wonder whether he would still display the same suave innocence and clever ambiguity in his answers about the Jewish National Home in the House of Commons. L. N. NAMIER

MARKET RESEARCH

SIR,—In the length of article possible for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION there is little room to describe the method of making investigation ; and most readers care only about the results. Mr. Hugh Weeks is justified in pointing out difficulties in connection with the measurement of public opinion. He says : " The first point is that the sample must be completely random and widely distributed." But that is not necessary. For example, in the particular survey I was writing about last week, there was no attempt to make a sample or a cross-section of the nation, only of one area, because an exactly comparable survey had been made in it 12 months before. As I wrote in my article, " I would emphasise that the data, though covering no more than 1,000 homes, are particularly reliable because covered in *exactly the same way* . . . and the same houses." This important fact eliminates the other difficulties named by Mr. Weeks, those of the way the question is framed and who it is asked by. Mr. Weeks attaches much importance to the personality of the investigator. And rightly so. It is a factor which can never be overcome so long as human beings remain human, and social science remains intelligent. At the earliest stage in each forward advance of technique, methods are necessarily crude, and as they become refined and standardised, the results open up new fields of research which again demand less reliable methods at first. But Mr. Weeks is wrong when he says that Mass-Observation is particularly influenced by this factor, " since most of the mass observers have marked political views." The commonest characteristic of whole-time mass-observers is a general disillusionment about party politics, a general belief in the need for facts rather than opinion, investigation rather than conversion. Of our eight whole-time observers in London, only two could possibly be described as having " marked political views." Mr. Hugh Weeks implies that it is only political views which need be taken into consideration as observer bias, whereas education, accent, age, features and attitude of the observer himself to strangers, are of basic importance. But Mr. Weeks is really speaking of " market-research," designed simply to give straight answers to simple factual questions, which can then be used to the advantage of advertisers and manufacturers. Market-research is seldom concerned with the larger implications or deeper problems of society. And its profit motive permeates all parts of it. Its investigators, who often have no special qualification or training, are nearly always

paid to maintain a standard number of interviews per hour. It is common knowledge that on Monday mornings or in bad weather, the interviews are (to say the least) hurried. Whatever happens, market-researchers have to get results, and are paid by results. Here Mass-Observation has an advantage which is essential in science; no observer is paid by *results*. Indeed, few whole-time observers are paid what they are worth. We all do the work because we want to, and not as a way of earning a living.

Anyone who is familiar with market-research must admire the intelligent initiative shown in it through the influence of a few firms like Cadbury's, which Mr. Weeks represents. But on the whole it is fair to say that while market-researchers talk a lot about their scientific methods, they have denied one basic principle of science, which is the honest publication of results. The job of market-research is to bridge the gap between the producer and the public, a gap which in other forms threatens the whole structure of our democracy; but they only bridge it in the interests of the producer, and only to keep the *status quo* quoing. Enormous is the accumulation of original and enthralling sociological material which has been read by only a handful of publicity experts and business men, investigations ranging over the whole field of economic behaviour, but paid for by big business and reserved for the eyes of big business. Isn't it time that the advertising agencies who run most of this research made some contribution to the public good, by arranging to pool and publish their investigations, as soon as those who have paid for them have made their use of them?

TOM HARRISSON

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL

SIR,—I confess to being unable to understand the pained surprise with which the sponsors of this Bill profess to regard the dismay which it has aroused. For what else, putting it bluntly, do they expect? We were, we had hoped, to be given access to mountain and moor for recreation of the body and refreshment of the spirit, and we discover that we are to be fined £2 for being in places where we could have gratuitously trespassed before Mr. Creech Jones and Sir Lawrence Chubb had their way with us.

Let me explain. For Sir Lawrence and Mr. Creech Jones to say that the Bill is the best that could be contrived in the circumstances is not to the point. Possibly, possibly not. If it *is* the best, then most of us would much sooner not have had it. What is to the point is their contention that it is an agreed measure which represents a compromise—the penalty clause for trespass was, Mr. Creech Jones announced in his speech, "part of the agreement." This is not so. Not only was a letter sent to the press on the 18th March by representatives of Ramblers' organisations, many of whom had taken part in the negotiations, repudiating the Bill, but the Manchester and Sheffield Ramblers' Federations, which include practically all the rambling organisations and clubs in the Manchester and Sheffield districts, which include, that is to say, practically all the bodies concerned to secure access to the Peak district (where, as you know, most of the trouble has arisen), have placed it on record that they would prefer no Bill at all to the Bill in its present form. The Manchester Federation has actually gone out of its way to send a copy of a resolution to this effect to all Members of Parliament, requesting them to oppose the Bill as it now stands.

Meanwhile, the Executive of the Ramblers' Association, representing ramblers' organisations all over the kingdom, has met, registered its opposition to the Bill, and decided to prepare a memorandum detailing the grounds for this opposition. Arrangements are also being made for a deputation of protest to the Minister of Agriculture. So much for the Bill being an agreed one!

As to its being a compromise—two friends of mine who recently married agreed that give-and-take was the basis of marriage and that they would accordingly adjust all differences by compromise. In the first week of married life they differed as to the colour of the dining-room wallpaper; A wanted it to be blue, and B green. Compromise, B reminded A, was the basis of marriage so compromise they did, and it was green. It is only in B's sense that the Bill is a compromise, the fact of the matter being that the original draft which did represent a considerable measure of agreement was killed by that mysterious Government official, "the able Government draftsman," and the present Bill forced through in spite of the opposition of ramblers.

Now for the reasons for the intransigence of these apparently ungrateful persons:

(1) Access to mountain and moorland is not under the Bill a right to be taken for granted except where special Orders are made restricting it. There is to be no access unless an Order is made granting it in a specific area. (2) Even where an Order has been made, the Minister may make such exceptions, limitations and conditions as he pleases. This is an Access Bill, say Sir Lawrence and Mr. Creech Jones, and it will be the Minister's duty—I am quoting Sir Lawrence—"if he receives an application for an Order to give the most extensive rights that the circumstances permit." "Many orders to open," Mr. Creech Jones adds, "will undoubtedly be made without the necessity of a public inquiry." I wish I could share their optimism. But (*a*) the machinery which must be set in motion before an Order can be made is costly and cumbrous to a degree; notice has to be given, objections have to be received, objections have to be transmitted, maps have to be filed, and inquiries held. If an Order is made or an inquiry held, the cost has to be borne by the persons making application for the Order. Ramblers' organisations are poor in pocket and weak in personnel, and it is unfair to make them pay for what, it is claimed, should be granted as a right. (*b*) Nowhere in the Bill is there an indication of the principles by which the Minister is to be guided in determining whether, and for how long and in what circumstances, an Order granting access is to be made. Mr. Creech Jones says that "the assertion that the moors and the Peak may be closed in the summer" is unwarrantable.

In the light of the bitter complaints that I have heard from landowners and gamekeepers of the disturbance of grouse by the presence of ramblers (i) during the nesting and breeding season (May and June) (ii) during the shooting season (the latter half of August and September), such presence producing the alleged consequence that the grouse, being neither many nor lethargic, afford a less obvious target to Americans and stockbrokers on holiday, I should say that the closing of the moors during these seasons is only too likely. Recalling the past history of this agitation in the Peak District, why does Mr. Creech Jones think it unwarrantable to suppose that the moors will be closed during the time when most people want to use them? He adds that, even in cases "where prohibition may be necessary, routes will be found." Who wants routes? We have routes already; you can see the ramblers trailing along them any fine Sunday, toe to heel, for all the world like a girls' school walking in crocodile, while there stretch to the horizon on every side the empty spaces of the moors.

What was hoped for from the Bill, was the right to ramble not along prescribed routes, but where the spirit took one.

(3) For the first time in history a penalty is imposed for trespass without damage. Sir Lawrence and Mr. Creech Jones point out that the penalty is only applicable in the case of trespass on "access" land. Thus we have the curious position that, whereas in the case of land to which there is no right of access, there is no penalty, for trespassing without damage, in the case of land to which the right of access has been specifically granted, a penalty of £2 awaits those who are unfortunate enough to find themselves on it at the wrong time, or to contravene any one of the numerous prohibitions and limitations which the Bill prescribes.

Now this is a measure which we are expected to receive with gratitude and to acclaim as a triumph for the ramblers' cause. In fact, it is a setback from which the cause will not recover within our lifetime. If we had had no Bill, we should at least be no worse off than we were before, but the passage into law of the present measure will be used as a pretext for taking no further action for ever and aye. C. E. M. JOAD

Hampstead.

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Many of your readers will not readily subscribe to the opinion expressed in your editorial of April 29th, that Labour would be wise not to challenge the principle of compulsory military service. The old may sleep more peacefully in their bed because of the conscription of boys of 18–20, but the parents of these boys, thousands of them men and women who for twenty years have been working to build up a world in which the young should have their birthright, could take no satisfaction in buying their own safety at the price of the compulsion of young men who have never had a vote. A civilisation that can only be saved by the exploitation of the young is not worth saving.

Surely no one dare say that the actual or potential contribution to civilised life of the young men who are now 20 is less than that of any other age-group. Therefore, as an alternative to compulsory military service, I suggest that we agree to a period of six months' training for all adults, irrespective of but adapted to age and sex, except in the case of those physically not fitted to stand it. This training should be separated from compulsory military service. It would provide a population physically able to face the international commitments which the building up of a peaceful world involve and yet leave individuals still free to make that contribution to civilisation to which they are best fitted.

Southampton. LILIAN MILLARD ARNOLD

LIBERTY IN FRANCE

SIR,—Mr. Werth says that there is a military dictatorship of a kind in France, but "the essential democratic liberties are in force."

When the deputy for Cannes wanted to hold a meeting to report to his electors—a very democratic liberty—the meeting was forbidden, and the police tore down all posters advertising it. Invitations were then sent out for a private assembly, which cannot normally be forbidden. But the electors of Cannes and their deputy were very surprised to find a company of Senegalese soldiers with raised bayonets, ready to teach the populace a lesson in "essentially democratic liberties," should they dare to hold a meeting, private or not.

Admittedly the people of Cannes elected a Communist deputy, and the policy of the Communist Party of France is to unite all Frenchmen, irrespective of party or creed, against the insolent pretentions of the dictators and their allies in France; Cannes is one of the regions claimed by Mussolini, and Daladier is a "strong man," but essentially of the Munich variety of strength, *à la* Runciman, and he would be stronger still if he handed Cannes right over to Mussolini for then there would be no danger of democratic and pro-French meetings being held there.

If Mr. Gallacher wanted to report back to his electors, and Mr. Chamberlain forbade the meeting and used bayonet-armed native Indian troops to break up a private gathering organised by Mr. Gallacher, would you then say that "the essential democratic liberties are in force" here? You used, rightly, to be very touchy about mere truncheons in this country.

There certainly is a good deal of democracy left in France, I agree. So there was in Germany under Brüning, but we have all heard of the thin end of the wedge, and, as Mr. Werth says, Mr. Daladier is such a strong man. JOHN SHAW

IDEAL HOMES

SIR,—"Critic's" comments on Miss Denby's house at the Ideal Homes Exhibition are well timed. He might have added that it was decently furnished for a total cost of £117, so that in fact it was a home and not merely a house with some furniture in it. I sincerely hope that the house will appear again in better surroundings, where it can be judged at leisure.

Your comments on the pram store, "which most architects disregard" may give the impression that most houses are designed by architects. In reality I doubt whether 10 per cent. of the houses built to-day are the work of qualified architects. The four million houses, over which the Minister of Health is so elated, have mostly been produced by men whose only qualification for building them is that they understand how to make a profit out of a public need. When the Minister spoke of the large number of people who still need rehousing he could reasonably have included many who are living in the four million houses.

If Miss Denby's house can inspire housing authorities, let us hope that it will also lead house purchasers to seek competent advice instead of relying on the speculator who mulcts them.

7 Belsize Crescent, London, N.W.3. DANIEL ROTH

NORTHERN IRELAND

SIR,—Your prejudice against Northern Ireland has long been apparent in your paper, but your blunt statement last week—"we, for our part, think Eire is right"—deserves a challenge.

In Northern Ireland there is a majority of non-Catholic, non-Republican people, anxious to live in harmony with Great Britain, to form part of the United Kingdom, and to share in that Empire in which many of their sons are doing good work. They have cause to consider Mr. De Valera a scheming politician, a ruthless fanatic, and the Roman Catholic Church an insidious disruptive agency.

After living here for some ten years, I have no doubt of the justice of Northern Ireland's cause. In England and Eire much contemptuous amusement is derived from the excesses of Orangeism. Actually, the Orange movement contains a large proportion of sane, enlightened and conscientious citizens who are proud to remember that revolution which "gave us our freedom, religion and laws." To them, the alternative to self-government in the North seems as unsatisfactory as it did before the Battle of the Boyne.

Belfast is an industrial city, as progressive and law-abiding on the whole as most English cities I have seen; and it is not true to say that it keeps a part of its people in fearful or rebellious subjection. The Nationalist and Catholic minority takes good care to spread such rumours, becomes captious at the least suspicion of partiality, and purposely makes life contentious. Who promotes this? It is not an involuntary, spontaneous urge from within.

It is true and well known that certain Protestant firms discriminate against Catholics when engaging employees; it is equally true, but little known, that Catholic firms discriminate against Protestants, and continue to flourish unmolested.

Can you seriously believe that Mr. De Valera is tortured by the thought of Ireland's torn and bleeding heart? The North would term it "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." "To do a great right, do a little wrong," seems his plea to his friends in the English Cabinet and in the United States. But it is a siren plea: in the name of justice he would condemn a more numerous loyal and Protestant community than his own Northern Nationalists to indignities and injustices that Northern Ireland has never known.

Belfast. ANGLO-CELTIC

CLOTHING FOR CZECH REFUGEES

SIR,—Hundreds of men, women and children, refugees from Czechoslovakia, are arriving in this country destitute and with nothing but the clothes in which they stand. May I appeal to your readers to help to economise the funds of the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia by sending in garments (in a good state of repair) of any description, or footwear which they may be able to spare? The Committee is in particular need of men's clothing, suits, socks, underwear and boots and shoes.

Garments and footwear for both cold and warm countries to which these refugees will emigrate are also urgently needed.

All articles should be sent marked "For Czech Refugees" to 130 Westbourne Terrace, London, W.2.

British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslovakia, GEORGE CROSFIELD (Hon. Treasurer)
5 Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C.1.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FOR the first ten years of its existence I was a junior partner in the Nonesuch Press, and my pride in Francis Meynell's book production was tinged by a slight uneasiness at the editions being *limited*. For while many works of art are unique and cannot be reproduced, books can be made in any number, and the idea of deliberately inducing an artificial famine in the works of the poets is offensive. For me, there was always a particular joy in those books designed to be sold in tens of thousands, like the unlimited "compendious" series. It is therefore good to see that the Nonesuch Press is issuing two more of these excellent volumes: Ben Jonson, edited by Harry Levin of Harvard, and De Quincey, edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Both have been printed, as well as edited, in the United States, but the Nonesuch standards have been fully maintained, and they are good value at 10*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Stern, in a note on the text, explains that he has included about one-eighth of De Quincey's published writings. His plan was to put the autobiographical material first, followed by the *Confessions*, the *Suspiria*, and concluding with essays which have less direct connection with his experiences. The most serious omission, in my opinion, of the *Autobiographic Sketches* is Chapter V, *The Female Infidel.* Mr. Stern no doubt persuaded himself that it was a digression. In the opinion of several admirers of De Quincey it is one of the most delightful passages in the *Autobiographic Sketches*, and reveals De Quincey's humour at its best.

* * *

The female infidel was the Mrs. Lee, the natural daughter of Sir Francis Dashwood, about whose amusements at Medmenham Abbey a book has just appeared under the title *Hell-Fire Francis*, by Ronald Fuller (Chatto, 10*s.* 6*d.*). She was, at the time of her visit to the De Quincey's, aged 22, and distinguished by her extreme beauty, by her musical gifts and her powers of disputation, and not less by the fortune of £45,000 given her by her father. De Quinceys mother had been informed that the Hon. Antonina Dashwood Lee, as she described herself, was a fountain of theological learning. She therefore invited all the clergymen of Manchester to meet her, and a singular dinner followed.

> It might easily have happened that a very learned clergyman should not specially have qualified himself for the service of a theological tournament: and my mother's acquaintance was not very extensive among the clerical body. But of these, the two leaders, as regarded public consideration, were Mr. H— my guardian and Mr. Clowes . . . No two men could have been found who were less fitted to act as champions in a duel on behalf of Christianity. Mr. H— was dreadfully commonplace; dull, dreadfully dull; and, by the necessity of his nature, incapable of being in deadly earnest, which his splendid antagonist at all times was. His encounter, therefore, with Mrs. Lee presented the distressing spectacle of an old, toothless, mumbling mastiff, fighting for the household to which he owed allegiance, against a young leopardess, fresh from the forests. Every trick from *her*, every velvety paw, drew blood. And something comic mingled with what my mother felt to be paramount tragedy. Far different was Mr. Clowes . . . Horror, blank horror seized him upon seeing a woman, a young woman, a woman of captivating beauty, whom God had adorned so eminently with gifts of person and of mind, breathing sentiments that to him seemed fresh from the vintage of hell . . . The scene was painful in excess. And the shock given to my mother was memorable . . . she shuddered, in a degree almost uncontrollable and beyond her power to dissemble . . . partly also, this internal conflict arose from concern on behalf of her own servants, who waited at dinner, and were inevitably liable to impressions from what they heard.

It is impossible to wholeheartedly congratulate an editor who has chosen to omit this passage. De Quincey is not often so full of humour—though the account of Mrs. Hannah More is an exception. De Quincey, then a youth, had made some remark upon poetry.

> Upon this Mrs. Hannah More, with the air of one who is delivering some brilliant *propos*, had taken it upon herself to say: "Poetry! Oh! as to poetry, I forswore *that*, and I think everybody else should forswear with pink ribbons." . . . Just at the moment when it seemed certain that Mrs. H. More was about to carry off her pretty remark, neither "noted" nor "protected," forth stepped a young lady "severe in youthful beauty," and, with a modest but not yet a timid air, put in this unanswerable demurrer: "Really, Mrs. Hannah More, I could never presume to look upon anything in the light of a trifle, which Milton had not disdained to spend his life cultivating. Surely I ought not to rank the *Paradise Lost* with pink ribbons?" . . . This was a smasher; and I could have kissed the lovely girl, if I durst, for so seasonable a service.

* * *

Mr. Stern has, I think rightly, printed the *Confessions of an Opium Eater* from the enlarged revised text which De Quincey made thirty-four years after it was published. This is the text generally known. It is far fuller and gives names of persons and places which are left out in the original version.

For example after the magnificent apostrophe of farewell to "Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother!" De Quincey recalls how he used continually to gaze up every street which led to the north, through Marylebone, wishing he were travelling upon it,

> for *that* is the road to the north, and, therefore, to Grasmere.

Grasmere in the original is merely indicated by a dash. The actual changes are not always improvements. In the original version De Quincey wrote:

> and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her) I shed tears . . .

This he weakened to:

> and hear those airs played on a common street-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear youthful companion, I shed tears . . .

Readers of the *Confessions* will remember that in describing the pains of opium De Quincey says that he was haunted in his nightmares by the figure of a crocodile.

> The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him for centuries . . .

And in one of his most moving passages he describes waking from the companionship of the loathed reptile to find his children standing by his bedside come to show him their new frocks before going out for a summer's walk. I believe I have pointed out before that De Quincey's brother was killed by "wild beasts" in Jamaica, where the only wild beast larger than the mongoose is the crocodile. This is doubtless why his nightmare took its shape. One or two "very irrelevant passages" from the *Confessions* have been omitted from this edition.

* * *

Mr. Levin's selection of Ben Jonson seems to me admirable, including six plays: *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Alchemist*, *Every Man in His Humour*, and *Bartholomew Fair*, four masques, and the best of his verse and criticisms. He has printed the text from the two folios, the first of which was printed by Jonson himself. Drummond of Hawthornden reported of Jonson:

> He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking at his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination.

That little note reveals the most important side of Jonson, that of the creative artist and imaginative poet, which is far too often neglected. Mr. Harry Levin's introduction is excellent. It stresses Jonson's creative gifts, and suggests that his claims to a pedantic scholarship, which have been usually accepted, were due to his having started as a bricklayer's apprentice and spent years as a second-rate actor before he became the *arbiter elegantiarum* of English letters. Jonson's range is immense—but it is his ripe, broad comedy which is most alive. Best of all is *Bartholomew Fair* with the Puritans—Zeal of the Life Busy, who visits the fair, falls into temptation with roast pig and then denounces all the idolatry of the Fair.

> Thy hobbyhorse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol: and there the Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up for children to fall down and worship.

The Nonesuch Press can be congratulated upon its Ben Jonson. It is the best book to read and carry about on one's travels that has appeared for some time.

DAVID GARNETT

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¶ *Does Britannia?*

Coming May 19th is a book which answers the most urgent question of the day, "Does Britannia still rule the waves?" It is called *UNEASY OCEANS,* and the author is Lt.-Commander KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N., Sunday Times Naval Correspondent and author of "The Grey Diplomatists," etc.

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JEAN RHYS

"GOOD MORNING MIDNIGHT" 7s. 6d. net.

FRANK SWINNERTON (*Observer*): "Miss Rhys' work is not for optimists, but its quality as black-and-white craftsmanship is quite exceptional."

Times Literary Supplement: "A story, doggedly tough in a feminine way, that is always clever and is sometimes poignant.

"It is a revealing piece of work . . . the book is piquantly readable and there are shrewd and penetrating things in it."

CONSTABLE

TWO MASTERPIECES

The Road to Damascus : A Trilogy. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by GRAHAM RAWSON. Introduction by GUNNAR OLEN. *Cape.* 7*s* 6*d*.

The Woman Who Was Poor : A Contemporary Novel of the French 'Eighties. By LÉON BLOY. Translated by I. J. COLLINS. *Sheed and Ward.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

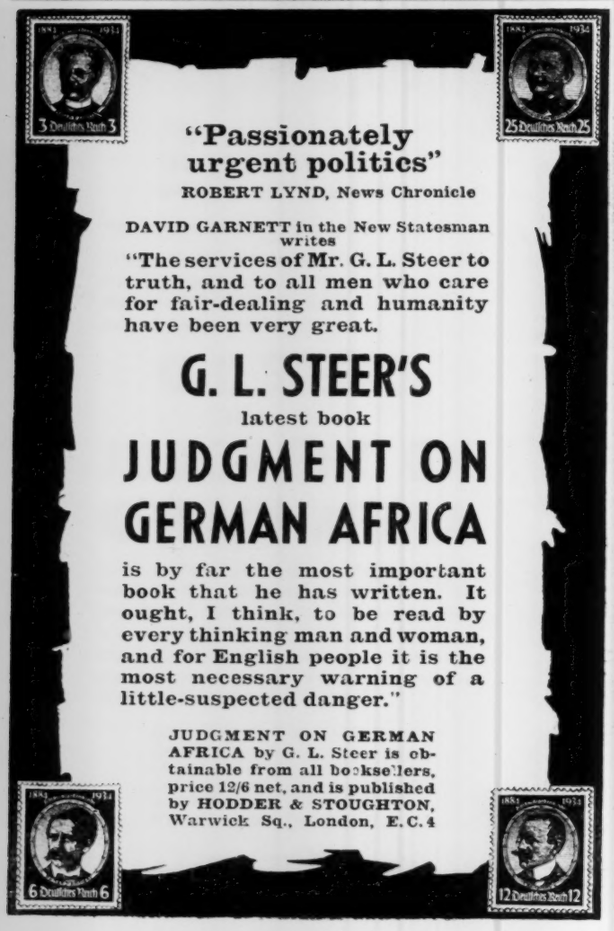
A dozen years ago, when I imagined that I had a critical reputation to lose (those were the days), I staked everything on an article on Strindberg. I had read almost every line of Strindberg I had come across with an attention one reserves usually for the poets. Not only did he impress me more forcibly than Ibsen—his poetry was less *voulu*, his ideas startling if scatter-brained ; but he plunged me (and this is what every young man of twenty looks for) into a world of women, crackling with life. Until one wakes fully to that world it is necessary to explore it in reading. No good looking for it in English writers : the women in Dickens or Thackeray were about as real as dressmaker's poppets ; and the French novelist was sometimes deceptive—Proust's girls turned out on a second glance to be boys dressed up. But in Strindberg, women lived ; or rather—as one might expect from so eccentric a writer—if not real themselves, the conflict between men and women was real. And that was what I wanted to get at. I followed him like a dog. *The Confessions of a Fool*, *There are Crimes and Crimes*, even the grim *Dance of Death* I searched for revelation ; and revelation of a sort I found. But as often happens when one reads an author for the wrong reason, other realities in Strindberg's art began to take hold of me : his own weakness and complexity of character, his amazing force as a dramatist, above all his religion. Strindberg was influenced by Swedenborg ; I too tried to read Swedenborg, but without success. For unlike my author, *I* was incapable, looking out of the window, of seeing the infernal landscapes set down in *Heaven and Hell*. That line of investigation came to an end. But by then I had discovered as much about Strindberg as it was possible for me to discover ; so I sat down to write my article. All I knew about him suggested that by far his most important work was the trilogy of plays called *The Road to Damascus*, and these unfortunately had never been translated into English. It put me in a quandary ; for how was I to get on with my article, the whole point of which would be to demonstrate that in *The Road to Damascus* lies the key to Strindberg's life and art ? I hurried to the Museum Reading Room ; there sure enough was a MS. translation of the first play of the trilogy ; and I was allowed to read it. It gave me enough to build on. I found the quality I had expected, and besides, not one English critic in a thousand would ever have heard of the play. I felt safe. And safe indeed I was ; for, as far as I know, no one read the article.

Well, here at last it is, Strindberg's masterpiece ; and it is all I said about it, to anyone who has been fascinated by Strindberg's work. The events of his third marriage provide the skeleton for a drama of guilt and redemption, relentlessly worked out. Love of the sort experienced by Strindberg was the perpetual attempt to shift a burden of guilt on to other shoulders : no wonder his marriages crashed. He meets, in the play, a woman he has not seen before ; gives her a name, an age, a character such as he would wish. She leaves her husband, and they go away together. So far, while she nurses his grief and provides him with a new fount of poetry, all goes well ; but one thing he is afraid of—that she will get hold of his confessions. So he forbids her to read the book ; and, of course, she reads it. Now the situation changes ; she has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and begins to hit back—*her* character, *her* individuality begins to emerge. They are, of course, persecuted and poverty-stricken ; wherever they go, unpaid bills meet them or gossip flies round so that they are sneered at when they walk into a hotel. They take refuge with the woman's parents, and it is then Strindberg's struggle begins. He meets the threat of madness with prayer, and undertakes a sort of pilgrimage, haunted by devils, of all the places they have been in. The doctor, whose wife he has taken, threatens from a distance and he has in his charge a poor madman called Caesar, in whom Strindberg recognises his own collapsed ambition. At the convent where he goes to seek light they all appear in phantasmagoria : the doctor, the madman, the woman and her parents, a beggar whom he has met once or twice on his travels. He feels that his only redemption is still in the woman and follows her. She has a child which dies ; more quarrels, more partings and wanderings. In the end they meet again in the monastery ; and he has reached the stage of Part II of Goethe's *Faust*. He looks at her for the last and perhaps the first time :

> STRANGER : Your face tells me enough. Now you've sucked me dry, eaten me hollow, killed my ego, my personality. To that I answer : How, my beloved ? Have *I* killed your ego, when I wanted to give you the whole of mine ; when I let you skim the cream off my bowl, that I'd filled with all the experience of a long life, with incursions into the deserts and groves of knowledge and art ?
>
> LADY : I don't deny it, but my ego wasn't my own.
>
> STRANGER : Not yours ? Then what is ? Something that belongs to others ?
>
> LADY : Is yours something that belongs to others too ?
>
> STRANGER : No. What I've experienced is my own, mine and no other's. What I've read becomes mine, because I've broke it in two like glass, melted it down, and from this substance blown new glass in novel forms.
>
> LADY : But I can never be yours.

True, and fatal ; as Strindberg was always finding out. He looked always for redemption in women and rebelled against their being women, against their being themselves. He rebelled, too, against his own early ideas ; and that—elaborated with historical instances—is the end of the play. It is written with a masterly simplicity : Maeterlinck's lucidity without his evasive ease. It would act magnificently ; and if our opera-lovers can stand four nights of Wagner, I don't see why three of Strindberg should be out of the question. Meanwhile, it is much the easiest, as well as the best, of his plays to read.

In Bloy's *The Woman Who Was Poor*, it is again the woman who plays an important part in redemption. The words with which the book ends—" There is only one unhappiness, and that is not to be one of the saints "—gives us the theme. Bloy's characters, artists and a woman, are saints in a world of baboons and prowling hyenas. His vision of human squalor and malevolence, of reeking Paris tenements and gossip-ridden suburbs, is terrifying. His characters have only to go to a booking-office for the clerk to pull a face at them, and neighbours come to peer at them through the windows when they are dying. Bloy loathed humanity ; and was himself a saint of the most disagreeable kind. But the startling thing about this book, his only real novel, is its nobility. His mysticism, his love of the noble and elect Christian soul, is gigantic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THE BODLEY HEAD

and gives a strange poetry to this otherwise melodramatic tale. Clothilde is snatched out of the gutter by a friendly artist for whom she poses, she marries a writer and shares his poverty and sufferings in frightful circumstances. Bloy's truths concern not so much love, as art, religion, prayer, the nature of creation; and all the passages in the book dealing with these themes are superb. There is a fine poetry in the description of a visit to the Zoo and a speech by a painter on the role of animals in creation; in the parable of the pilgrim who sought humiliation, the ironic tale attributed to L'Isle-Adam, the discourses on the saints, on mediaeval art, and the role of pain in human life. And Bloy's rhetoric as it wields the situations is tremendous. Here is a wholehearted and accurate description by Bloy of himself:

> He persuaded himself that his strange defender's art had a mysterious affinity with his own. The writer's use of violent colouring, his caustic, elaborated savagery, his whirling, reiterational emphasis, his obstinate unfolding of certain cruel pictures that persistently recurred, writhing in endless combination like convolvulatious plants; the unparalleled audacity of his form, multiple as a raising host, and as swift though so heavily armed; the methodically tumultuous crowding of his vocabulary, with its mingling of flames and lava, like Vesuvius in the last days of Pompeii, studded, encrusted, crenellated with antique gems, like a martyr's reliquary, but, above all, the enormous degree to which such a style expanded the scope of the humblest theme, the most trifling and trident postulate—all those things made for Léopold a magic mirror in which, with a start of admiration, he soon saw the likeness of himself.

There is Bloy's grandiosity, and with the same style he could be a master of caricature (one detects, in advance, a touch of Wyndham Lewis):

> A Gascon from Toulouse, and a great talker, with a flavouring of garlic and aestheticism, an artist at the roots and a duffer by his fruits, with a beard like Jupiter Pogonatus, and hair tempest-tossed, he habitually affected the sublime brutality of a ravaged Enceladus . . .
>
> He blinked his eyes rapidly three or four times, made the little finger of his left hand do a furious dance in the entrance of his ear, drew a Gallican-style snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket and helped himself from it copiously with full ritual—to the alarmed surprise of the onlookers, who were disconcerted to see so much black powder drawn up into so young a nose.

Une Femme Pauvre is unlike any other novel in the world: how much, in the drama of spiritual conflict, Catholic novelists have drawn from it since! There, for good and all, the spiritual and the aesthetic meet on level terms. The task of translating it must have been deterrent; but Mr. Collins has succeeded admirably. And whoever was responsible for the blurb and the note in the publisher's catalogue should have been asked to write an introduction. There is much still to be said about Bloy.

G. W. STONIER

THE LIE AS EDUCATION, AND WHY

Germany's Next Aims. By OSWALD DUTCH. *Arnold.* 10s. 6d.
School for Barbarians. By ERIKA MANN. *Lindsay Drummond,* 5s.

Until recently, the books on Fascism, contemporary European entanglements, etc., were often of a remarkably high quality. They were comparatively few, and they were generally written by refugees or special correspondents—that is to say, people who had personally felt the impact of political realities. Lately, the trickle has become a thundering torrent. The jingoes, the theoreticians, the appeasers, the rash prophets are flooding the market, and, consequently, exceptional care must be taken in deciding what to recommend. Having this week rejected eight, I have chosen two books that should, and could, profit everyone.

Germany's Next Aims is a book to buy. As the author says of himself, he has

> . . . . refrained from uttering prophecies . . . . (but rather) provided what elucidation there can be found on the wider issues, the general development, and the trend of events and ideas. If . . . this aim has been achieved, the reader will find it comparatively easy . . . to establish the true meaning of coming political events.

In this difficult ambition Herr Dutch has, without doubt, succeeded. The most useful, perhaps, of books at this moment has been achieved.

The author (he also wrote the excellent *Thus Died Austria*) commands a lucid, refreshingly unflustered style, and his passages of quiet, half-humorous irony are exactly right for gilding that disgusting pill, the world of to-day. His new work is a kind of Baedeker of modern politics, and with its eleven simple maps, and index, it constitutes the ideal key to the morning newspaper. Herr Dutch explains, in compact sections, the basic post-1914 history of every country that has once been, is now, or could come under German control. The European muddle, up to and including Munich, when the book was completed, is clearly and accurately dissected, and, above all, dissected in such a way as to enlighten both those who thought they knew it all, and those who thought they didn't want to. In spite of the author's disclaimers, and as an indication of the validity of his whole analysis, it should be recorded that Hitler's denouncements of the Polish Pact and the Anglo-German Naval Treaty, and the absorption of Memel, were all presumed, for the immediate future, in these pages. As against this, he rightly refuses to commit himself as to whether Hitler will now move East or West, and contents himself with pointing out the governing factors in either case. He emphasises, for instance, the immense importance of the Ukraine (Germany took Czecho-Slovakia after this book was finished, but the puzzling squabble that occurred over Ruthenia is perfectly elucidated), and suggests, I think correctly, that Hitler's insistence on recovering Danzig and the Corridor has the Ukraine as its real goal. He reminds us, at the same time, of the danger of a Russo-German rapprochement, of which we have just had so alarming a hint.

The author's main thesis is that Hitler *does not want a war*, above all, on two fronts; but that, nevertheless, Nazism "is essentially a movement. It cannot stand still, lest it should break down." Therefore, that Hitler must constantly threaten war, and break treaties. Finally that, as no unaided interior German revolution is yet possible, the only measures, short of war, with which Hitler can be met are his own. Effective Force, and effective Trade Competition on Hitlerian lines. Herr Dutch is aware of the inherent, frightful danger of this method, the fascisisation of the democracies, but he maintains that it must be risked. Who can say he is wrong? He believes—and, indeed, it now appears indisputable—that Hitler's eventual aim is European, and then World, domination. The author includes evidence of intense Nazi activity in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, the Balkans, the Near East, Africa, North and South America, and Spain. It is, in fact, difficult to escape the conclusion that now that all hope of civilised, scientific government, of Socialism, in Europe, has temporarily gone—this is apart from any rôle the individual may choose for himself—the only alternative to war is to immobilise Germany, by every conceivable means, until the Nazi machine breaks down.

Lastly, Herr Dutch must be congratulated on including a substantial quantity of unfamiliar, and extraordinarily interesting, information. I have only room to quote from that pathetic, staggering document, the Masarik Memorandum on Munich. Professor Masarik and Dr. Mastny were the two Czech envoys. They were treated exactly like defeated enemies:

> While Dr. Mastny discussed with Mr. Chamberlain a number of questions of secondary importance (Mr. Chamberlain yawning continuously without the least restraint) I asked M. Daladier . . . whether they expected our government to reply to the agreement. M. Daladier, visibly excited, did not reply.

One is not surprised. Those yawns, however, are surprising. And terrifying.

Fraulein Erika Mann's unique work on Nazi child education is another book to buy, because until one has read it, and its obvious veracity has been forced on one, it is impossible to believe that such far-fetched perversion and stultification of an entire nation's youth can be as successful as it is.

A reviewer can only do Fraulein Mann justice by quoting as much as he can. Beforehand, however, it should be understood, first, that nothing has been cited that is not supported with names, dates, etc; that it has all been published in Nazi schoolbooks or newspapers, and, secondly, that nothing in Germany can be publicly said, much less printed, without official sanction. The following is an excerpt from a Scripture Lesson that has been in force in the Nazi schools for years. It is called "Twenty Questions":

> *Q.* Who, children, is it in these days who most reminds us of Jesus—through his love of humble people and his readiness for self-sacrifice?
>
> *A.* The Führer.
>
> *Q.* Who most reminds us of the disciples, because of their loyal attachment to the Führer?
>
> *A.* General Goering, Dr. Goebbels, and Captain Roehm.

(In later editions, since the Bloodbath, Roehm has been deleted.) So much for religion. The author has some interesting notes on the dead and canonised heroes of the Nazi schoolroom. Horst

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Wessel, as is well known, was a crapulous bruiser who lived on prostitutes. The other two leading figures are Eckart, the poet (one poem only) of the movement, and Schlageter. The former, unlike Goering, remained a morphine-addict all his life, and the latter was a train wrecker. At this point, one might as well add that Dr. Rust, whom Hitler made Prussian Minister of Culture, and who initiated and organised the whole present educational system in Germany, had to be discharged by the Republic in 1930 because of "violent attacks of complete insanity at increasingly short periods."

All male children, excepting Jews, now lead an almost purely militarised life from ten to twenty-two. At ten, the *Jungvolk;* at fourteen, the *Hitlerjugend;* at eighteen, the Labour Camp; and at twenty, two years in the Army. The one and only order of values in their education, as ordained by Hitler, is as follows. First, Race (degree of Germanness). Second, Character (degree of political reliability). Third, Body (degree of physical excellence). Fourth, and a long, long way behind, Knowledge. Dr. Krieck, Rector of Heidelberg University, helps one to understand what is meant by Knowledge when he contentedly states: "The epoch of 'pure reason,' of 'objective and free science' is at an end."

The psychological and moral condition of German children, now that they have had five years of this, may be imagined. Even words themselves have been turned upside-down. Here is Schirach, the Reich Youth Leader, describing the Hitler Youth Corps:

> It is a corporation emphatically masculine in style of uniform; manly, too, as regards its unconditional point-of-view, brutality, and harshness of outlook.

Brutality has become a Virtue. It might well be asked whether the School can do nothing to protect its children. The answer is that not only have the schools been completely Nazified (History rewritten into Wagnerian nonsense, etc.), but that the schools are, to an increasing degree, and like the Church, the enemy of the regime, which wants soldiers, and not scholars. The Jews having been finally crushed, the Hitler Youth are now being let loose, so to speak, on the silly old schoolmasters. The author gives many instances. Can the Family then do nothing? On the contrary. The *Jungvolk* and Hitler Youth are specifically encouraged to report the minutest lapses from political rectitude on the part of their parents to the local authorities, and there are ever-increasing instances of such reportings.

Most melancholy of all, and most ludicrous, perhaps, is the thought of Hitler's National Socialist Order Castles. In twelve vast and ancient edifices, scattered over Germany, he confines those whom he considers as the most gifted of the coming generation, the finest specimens of the Hitler Youth. Born, as one might say, with silver knives in their mouths, cherished, immune, they are provided with a particularly murky philosophy, cars, and nine uniforms each. These are the new aristocrats, the rulers of the future. It is possible, of course, that by the time a war, or some breakdown, releases these deluded but imperious creatures, they will have become so ineradicably strange that they will be fit for nothing but further confinement.

BRIAN HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

Call My Brother Back. By MICHAEL MCLAVERTY. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Passport for a Girl. By MARY BORDEN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Slogum House. By MARI SANDOZ. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

The King was in His Counting House. By BRANCH CABELL. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

With bombs exploding daily in such fortresses of British Tyranny and Oppression as the Tottenham Court Road tube station and the *News Chronicle* building, the puerilities of Irish Nationalism and the background which throws up these half-witted young bombers momentarily acquires a certain interest. *Call My Brother Back* is a novel of the post-war years when these young dynamiters saw their fathers helping that terrible beauty of which Yeats spoke to birth. The book is divided into two sections, the first of which is devoted to a childhood on an island off the north coast and the second to a Belfast adolescence. It is an appalling picture of a contentedly second-rate culture happy in its lawlessness. That section of the book which deals with life on the island shows the natural talent of the race for disorder and its genuine love of cruelty and conflict as a lubricant for the slowly wheeling hours, it shows too how little the disorder and distress were caused by external factors. And the section devoted to Belfast, a shapeless story punctuated by the rumbling of armoured cars and the whining of snipers' bullets, develops the theme with Wagnerian persistence. These young hooligans with catch phrases about unity and freedom on their lips, nothing in their heads, and guns in their hands are out for a thrilling lark and the nearer to death they come the better the sport. They are recognisable as blood brothers of the Fehme murderers whose brown-shirted descendants are turning all Europe into a Belfast to-day. At first blush the book appears to be a *tour de force*, the revelation of the springs of action of an evil generation, but as one comes to an exquisitely sentimental description of the death of a young member of the I.R.A. one finds with a shock of dismay that these loutish young men are not thought to be in any way unsatisfactory as people; the sadistic schoolmasters, the murders in the streets, the unconsidered violence, are all treated as unavoidable phenomena like the wind and the rain. It is because the book contains no hint of the possibility of a more desirable way of life that it falls into triviality and the years of anarchy which it describes fade into the papery backing of a little *conte* of childhood and adolescence. As such it is nearly as good as it can be, as good as anything obsessed with the interest of immaturity can be.

It is probable that the somewhat disagreeable quality of *Call My Brother Back* has a more immediate cause than the deep and final unpleasantness of an adult mind turned backward with love towards immaturity and helplessness. It springs to a very great extent from the breach of taste committed in making events which bring terror and horror into the lives of real people part of a story about special and hyper-sensitive people concocted out of private phantasy. If the characters embody mental attitudes to the events, or if they represent the mental attitude of the participants in the events, well and good, but if they do not represent anything beyond perceptive minds and the events are brought up as substitutes for their emotions something very disagreeable in the way of trickery is going on. Readers who saw *Cavalcade* may recollect that the events which had made a mess of the lives of two generations were put on the stage to conceal the vacuity of a very empty melodrama, and moments that had given people extreme anguish bobbed up as "business" in scenes motivated more by a sense of what was good theatre than any profoundly considered sense of pity; the play promised as its destination the major issues that had shaped English lives in a given period, and ended by taking a trip across the ice with Eliza and the bloodhounds. In the same way *Passport for a Girl* pushes its way into our vitals with the plight of the refugees, the worse situation of those who cannot escape, the last days of Austria, the blacker days of Munich—that ghastly time when men prepared to accept the ignominy of becoming killers and escaped that degradation only to realise that something more shameful had befallen them. These are real things in our lives to-day; a story that deals with them can hardly fail to hold one's attention. But here the marching men jerking out their appalling songs, the domiciliary visits, the wooden watch towers of Dachau rising out of that horrible plain, the thick idiot voice calling threats and abuse across the frontiers, the fear and terror of Europe, are props to a mild little romance. Girl—in this case—meets boy, girl loses boy, girl gets boy: the story might have preserved a certain virtue had the characters been normal or had they been worked out symbols, but the real world rarely harbours providential Grannies with £500 a year to dispose of, and symbols of law in conflict with disorder must not steal away from the battlefield to cosy hideouts in Indiana, for if they do they will not be readily distinguishable from their enemies. Here again a story raises major issues only to scratch lightly at their surface, and ends by being a readable story for those who have time to kill.

It is difficult to know quite what Messrs. Hutchinson are up to in presenting *Slogum House* tarred and feathered to the public; both on the dust cover and in advertisements in the papers it is described as being unpleasant and not for the squeamish. Presently, it is to be supposed, we shall have other publishers pressing us to buy "this repellent and dirty minded book" or circularising bookshops to suggest that their spring lists should be handled only by registered nurses. Certainly the book is far better than this blurb would suggest; true it carries a certain amount of Zolaesque material about the relations between men and women, but the theme is big enough to carry a great deal of simple fun of that sort. The story is concerned with the last phases of the American transcontinental movement, when there was no more new land and pioneering came to an end. The

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principal theme is the bitter fight between the cattlemen, who had wired in vast tracts of land as cattle range which had been earmarked by the Government for farm settlement, and the settlers who tried to open up the ranges. It is commonly represented as a conflict between romance and the humdrum, with romance on the side of the cattlemen, but here it is shown as the affair of fraudulent land claims, foreclosed mortgages, forced sales, writs, and crooked politics that it really was. And those exciting, breathless, courageous shootings are shown up as the mean affairs of long screwed-up courage and men surprised alone by superior numbers, as squalid as the alley warfare of Mr. McLaverty's book, that they must have been. Behind this story are certain clearly expressed ideas about the ageless conflict between law-abiding men and those who make their own desire the law. Here the strength of the story lies; it is a story of a loathsome way of living in which a conception of the good life which could replace it is clearly expressed. But the book is marred by a profound weakness. The only significance which belongs to acts of violence lies in the cause and the effect, and even then only if the normal person has been moved to violent action. The maniac who behaves in a disorderly manner has nothing beyond a clinical interest. On the other hand the chain of events which enlist an ordinary man into the army of disorder relate to the basic struggle between the anti-social individual and the society which his brains have created in opposition to his instincts, and ultimately to the struggle between the Latin state in which men are free to obey the law and the state in which violence is the law and freedom can only exist for the strongest. Miss Sandoz's characters are on the side of good or evil not because events have pushed them to one side or the other, but because they were born to be orderly or disorderly, as if Ormhuz and Ahriman picked sides from the womb. Consequently the activities of the characters become as uninteresting as the movements of automatons, and the temporary victory of one group or the other as trivial as the result of one of those football matches played by dolls on pier machines. Her violent characters are in fact violent for the same reason that maniacs are violent, because they cannot help themselves.

In life the individual is born wholly self-centred and without higher aim than his own self-satisfaction; he attempts to get what he wants by grabbing and by screaming. As he grows older he is educated to forgo some desires, to obtain satisfaction of others in a more reasonable manner; to obey the law which will check and restrain him from instinctive behaviour for the rest of his life. But the promptings of instinct will always be there in the background urging him to break out, day by day he makes his choice for law or for disorder. Mr. Branch Cabell's new book is about this individual choice, characteristically he comes out both for law and for the idea that any violence is justified in its defence. But if a good story is flat without ideas it is not to say that ideas can do anything with a flat story; Mr. Cabell's pseudo-renaissance Italian kingdom is a dead little place.

> Then they said: "Majesty we will indeed do what we may to preserve your unfortunate son, for his prison is builded out of pastiche and decadent nostalgia; he stays ensorcelled in sophomoric old hat . . . he prefers to be hearing, in his unmagnanimous unconcern as to the proletariat, an elfin music."

Mr. Cabell has a song of social significance to sing but the elfin music drowns it out.

ANTHONY WEST

HENRY GRATTAN

Henry Grattan and His Times. By STEPHEN GWYNN. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

Henry Grattan was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1819 next to Fox and, ironically enough, the belated honour was brought about by Lord Castlereagh. This is one of the sentimental or expedient mysteries of the English ruling class which are beyond the understanding of the simple English or Irish public. Grattan's life work, achieved in his thirties, had been to gain and safeguard the independence of the Irish Parliament under the Crown. And he had seen that Parliament vote for its own dissolution and disappear under an avalanche of bribes, peerages and minor honours. A clue may be found perhaps in the second last page of Mr. Gwynn's biographical study. Mr. Gwynn suggests that Grattan to-day might feel himself less a stranger at Stormont than at Leinster House. Though power has passed from the great landowners to the industrialists, many of the northern representatives are descendants of those who raised and manned the Volunteers in Grattan's day. "Except the late and deeply regretted Byran Cooper, I do not think that any elected member of Dáil Eireann since its establishment had an ancestor who sat in College Green." This is not quite accurate, as anyone will find who turns to the next and last page of Mr. Gwynn's book, but it is substantially true. One might add that Grattan would also be less a stranger at Westminster among the privileged class which still rules the country. But Mr. Gwynn's remark shows the extent of the social revolution which, externally at any rate, has taken place in what Mr. De Valera insists on calling Eire, though Ireland is good enough for most of us. Looking back now, it is clear that Grattan, in common with other humane and strictly constitutional leaders who feared the new democratic ideas in the air, was in a peculiarly difficult position in an age of transition. The attempt of the Protestant Volunteers to overawe the Dublin Parliament was side-tracked. The revolt of the American colonies and the French Revolution were counterbalanced by the rapid rise of French imperialism under Napoleon. But the increasing pressure of the Catholic majority and the movement towards reform threatened not only the existence of a Government based on class ascendancy but the very principle of the "glorious revolution" in England which re-established the Act of Settlement in Ireland.

A generation ago the figure of Grattan was an imposing one in the Irish popular imagination. But with the disappearance of the old Irish party from Westminster and the decline of oratorical tradition, other figures have taken his place. Mr. Gwynn writes piously and a little sadly of that period, still within memory, when statesmen shaped their periods and studied their gestures. It is difficult nowadays to adjust one's mind to the balanced sentences of Grattan, the careful antithesis, the classical shades. But the newspaper reports and political scurrilities outside the House, which Mr. Gwynn quotes, give occasional liveliness to his book. The history of scurrility and blackguardism is not without its uses as a corrective of historical imagination. Grattan looms in tradition with the attributes of noble physique. But the squibs show him to have been a narrow-chested, high-strung little fellow whose mind transformed his body. For brief but splendid services Parliament voted him £60,000 at an early age and acceptance complicated his political career. But in popular imagination the episode has been forgotten. The eighteenth-century constitutionalism of Grattan and his party has been one of the formative influences of modern Ireland and, with all its reservations, his belief in a politically united people is still very much to the point.

AUSTIN CLARKE

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

America Now. By 36 Americans. Edited, with an Introduction, by HAROLD E. STEARNS. *Scribners.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

American Saga. By MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE. *McGraw-Hill.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

March of the Iron Men. By ROGER BURLINGAME. *Scribners.* 15*s.*

New York Panorama. Anonymous Collaborators. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One common theme binds all of these four studies of America together, and that is the groping for a reassessment. What *is* America, all of them seem to be asking, and how did it get that way? Has the experiment on the whole been successful? The verdicts are various. ". . . ourselves somewhat disillusioned and disappointed," says Mrs. Greenbie, "the true American still believes as firmly as ever that the better life for everybody is still to be worked out on this continent. If not here, then God help the world!" But immediately she proceeds to give "the better life" a strange and significant definition—that of "better living," and at once puts the ball into play:

> By better living I mean just what the average person coming to America meant—better houses, land of his own, money in the bank, a little fun, some leisure, ladies who were easy to look at, children who might grow up to some education and a better chance, safety in his home and possessions, and peace with his neighbours.

To that definition her fellow-authors would take vigorous though different exceptions. It is untrue; it is inadequate; if it ever was adequate or true, it no longer is. Thus Miss Susan Ertz, in her introduction to *New York Panorama* claims that while:

> Not long ago opportunity in America meant either of two things—to make a great deal of money or to become President. These were the two dear and shining goals. But standards change, and if you were to ask the New Yorker of to-day what sort of opportunity he wants for his fellow townspeople, he is more likely to reply: "The

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SADLER'S WELLS. Opera & Ballet. Sat.

ST. JAMES. Geneva. Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Third Party Risk. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Robert's Wife. Wed., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Bridge Head. Wed. & Sat.

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opportunity to become useful and happy citizens." The get-rich-quick era is past. . . .

And Mr. Burlingame, after an intensive examination of the part technological invention has played in American life, concludes that it has led the nation socially to a dead end:

> We are so accustomed to thinking of industry as a saviour, a cure-all—indeed a be-all and a god—that it will take a great effort to turn our eyes to a new field. When we have found that field we may call in technology to help us. There is a question whether it can longer lead the way.

In other words, unless moral can supplant economic leadership the future may well be dark. Mr. Stearns thinks that it can and will; his contributor, Sir Wilmott Lewis, after an acquaintance with the United States extending over thirty-three years, nineteen of them as Correspondent of the London *Times*, is less sure, though not positively pessimistic:

> I say now, and I say it with sadness but by no means without hope, that when there is no prosperity American life seems to have lost its meaning for the great mass of the American people. . . . The older institutions and moralities have been corrupted by industry—any man not stricken into a blind complacency can see that. . . . But there are signs that the day when social well-being could be acceptably identified with the volume of business is over, that at last, and of deliberate purpose, the usufruct of material achievement can be applied to the enrichment of the spiritual life. . . .

The thirty-six contributors to *America Now* take up the problem by examining the present state of the nation in regard to its arts, business and labour, science and industry (to which Mr. Burlingame contributes an interesting essay on invention), politics, education, health, race, religion. Some of the studies go deep, considering their length, others do not: they vary in quality between reflective journalism and the fringes of literature. In *American Saga* the author reviews the historical growth and geographical spread of the United States through informal documents—letters, popular literature, etc.—of the contemporaries at each stage. The final impression she seeks to impart is that of an epic whose perusal yields a concentrated lyric essence. *March of the Iron Men* takes up the same story from the point of view of the application of human ingenuity to the material resources of the nation, and seeks to recount its social history in terms of the cotton gin, iron, steam, ships, firearms and other implements devised to unify national energies through a common technology. It is an extremely interesting study illustrated by many useful plates and drawings. *New York Panorama* is a retrospect from its beginnings to the present of "the most cosmopolitan yet at the same time the most American of all cities"—its geography, language, races, and its incredibly varied activities in art, science, trade, both by individual and community effort. Miss Susan Ertz's introductory essay contrasting contemporary New York and London is as delightful as it is convincing, and the numerous photographs in themselves constitute a vivid and valuable document.

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EMILY DICKINSON

This Was a Poet. By G. F. WHICHER. *Scribners.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The outward record of Emily Dickinson's life could be written, without grave omission, on the back of a postcard. She rarely left her native town, and for the last twenty years of her life she was virtually a recluse. Her love-affairs, if there were any, were one-sided and unavowed. Nevertheless, scandal abhors a vacuum, and Mr. Whicher has found useful work to do in deflating legends. His researches appear to be exhaustive, and his biography is probably as dependable as any we shall have. The portrait that emerges is of a gentlewoman who, like Jane Austen, had no appetite for fame and was content to live in privacy with a devoted sister. And like Hopkins, she refrained from publishing her poems and was misunderstood and underestimated by the friends in whom she confided. Few poets have served their genius so uncompromisingly and with such indifference to public acclamation.

Mr. Whicher's detailed narrative occupies roughly half of *This Was a Poet*. The remainder of the book is devoted to criticism and elucidation of the poems, but unfortunately Mr. Whicher's talents are better suited to biography than to criticism. Within the field of scholarship—notably in detecting errors of transcription—he makes a useful contribution, but his criticism suffers from the vice which he chastens in the earlier biographers. Although he demolishes all except the most obscure foundations of the supposed love-affairs, Mr. Whicher yet retains the aura of vast significance about them which offers a romantic frustration as the principal key to Emily Dickinson's life and work. What he has not considered is that errors of fact may be less misleading than the errors of interpretation which they helped to support. Mr. Whicher, however, is a devotee of Romance (to the extent of claiming that "if Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* had been written before Robert Browning ever called in Wimpole Street, we should not feel about them as we do to-day"), and he accordingly succumbs without resistance to the Broken Heart theory—although he has done much to disprove it. The contrary view is best stated in the words of Mr. Allen Tate—"If we suppose—which is to suppose the improbable—that the love-affair precipitated the seclusion, it was only a pretext; she would have found another." Mr. Whicher ignores this suggestion, although he has provided a remarkable clue in a quotation from an early letter where Emily Dickinson wrote—

> "I regret that last term, when that golden opportunity was mine, that I did not give up and become a Christian . . . but *it is hard for me to give up the world.*" (My italics.)

The ideal of renunciation, as a technique of mastery, came to her early and matched her preoccupation with eternity ("that bareheaded life, under the grass, worries one like a wasp"). Her love-affair, however flimsy, was real enough; but it was never more than fuel to a fire that was already ablaze. Emily Dickinson is the poet, not of a tragic love, but of Puritan culture in the exquisite chromatics of its decay.

In making this reservation I must not detract from what Mr. Whicher has truly achieved. He handles facts with honesty and insight. His annotations of individual poems are frequently helpful, and his book will be gratefully consulted by students of American poetry. If he is reluctant to adventure beyond literal appearances, it is possibly because he regards the façade of Emily Dickinson with an awe and unreserved respect which are not unwholesome in a biographer. In any case, the corrective of a finer critical perception is available in Allen Tate's *Reactionary Essays*; and the reader who turns to that will be no less appreciative of Mr. Whicher's excellence as the historian of Emily Dickinson's life.

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Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 759

London's Overgrowth and the Causes of Swollen Towns. By S. VERE PEARSON. *Daniel.* 8s. 6d.

Anyone who looks at London on a spring morning will understand Mr. Pearson's lament. This town which by nature might have been superb is a mess, ugly, inconvenient and oversized. Our stately river is wasted, and what remnants we have of earlier sanity are daily threatened by short-sighted private greed. London is indefensible aesthetically as militarily. As Mr. Pearson points out, the history of private ownership of land in London (except for an enlightened phase in which the squares were laid out) is a sordid affair. From Wren onwards vested interests have thwarted planners. A notable instance quoted here is the public wharf which Wren designed and actually had built from the Tower to Blackfriars, which was simply stolen by the warehouse owners and now has long since disappeared. Mr. Pearson brushes aside coercion, "the method of a Stalin or a Mussolini," he shows that demands by owners of property for compensation make new projects impossible (rejection of the Bressey plan), and how inadequate the taxation of "betterment" is to meet public expenditure on services. He quotes preposterous increases in land values which are the subject of so much speculation to-day. To counter all this, Mr. Pearson (who is a disciple of Henry George) proposes the public ownership of land and a single tax for land users. Beyond this he looks forward to an era in which speculation in land will be unprofitable, coercion unnecessary, decentralisation will come of its own accord, and such measures as rearmament unnecessary in a world without envy or the fear of poverty. It is an attractive case, convincingly argued, but whether it will persuade the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the ducal landlords or the speculative builders that souls are more worth saving than a world of bricks and mortar, remains to be seen.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

"WAGNER!" say our youngers and betters; "oh, you'll grow out of *him*!" To some extent, of course, one grows out of the *Ring*; passages in *Parsifal* are discovered to be intolerably banal; and there are days, though not many, when we revolt against the continual tension and chromaticism of *Tristan*. But one cannot believe that the time will ever come when the world will cease to love *Die Meistersinger*. To wholehearted anti-Wagnerians this opera is something of a problem: the ordinary objections to Wagner obviously don't apply to it, and one has the suspicion that if only it were by somebody else they too would love it. It would be interesting to hear the music of the *Meistersinger* discussed in detail by someone who thinks poorly of it; true, no arguments can prove a piece of music to be either good or bad; but a good musician can often put his finger on weaknesses and lapses of taste in a way that convinces his fellow-musicians. I should like to see something on these lines attempted in the case of *Die Meistersinger*, for, as one turns over the pages of the score, it seems strange that any musician could deny the beauty of workmanship and texture, the inexhaustible variety of invention and device, in a word the Haydn-ish ease of the writing. Wherever one chooses to look, and however seemingly prosaic the attendant business of the stage, a musical tissue, at once symphonic and dramatically relevant, is seen to be effortlessly spinning itself. The scene in the first act when Kothner calls the roll and the masters severally answer might be expected to reduce any composer to a stretch of bald recitative; but Wagner has made out of it one of his most glowing musical periods, the opening phrase of Kothner's pronouncement blossoming and spreading into long tendrils of melody and counterpoint. As for the art with which these periods are built into musico-dramatic act-structures, it remains one of the marvels of our Western music. *Die Meistersinger* is too long, not in the sense that its structure sprawls or sags (on the contrary it is so compact that cuts ruin it), but only in the sense that no listener can take it all in on a single evening. To appreciate it fully, one should hear the third act without having previously heard the other two; and that is precisely what the gramophone now permits us to do.

A magnificent album of fifteen His Master's Voice records, containing every note of the third act, begins to fill what has long been the greatest gap in the recorded repertory. The chorus, orchestra, conductor (Böhm), and most of the principals are those of the Dresden State Opera, and so successfully have recorders and conductor collaborated that the orchestral tone, especially in the tuttis, is exceptionally rich and beautiful, and the illusion of a stage performance positively thrilling. The detail is scrupulously cared for; playing the entire set through twice with the full score in front of me, I was often delighted by the revelation of some subtlety I have always missed in the theatre, and only once disappointed because a vital strand of counterpoint failed to make its full effect (the clarinet entry of the theme of Beckmesser's serenade in the B major section of the *Wahnmonolog*). Böhm is admirable; in unity and ensemble the performance surpasses any likely to be heard in Covent Garden conditions, though we have often had finer all-round casts. Not however a finer Beckmesser; in this part Eugen Fuchs shows himself an artist of the very first rank, with marvellous diction, a brilliant sense of comedy, and apparently no temptation to indulge in the tasteless exaggerations which generally make the role so tiresome; moreover he always *sings* the music, and sings it well. The Sachs is Hans Hermann Nissen, a baritone of splendid dignity and resonance: it is unfortunate that the microphone seems to have been placed too close to him at times, especially in the monologues, so that his tone sometimes rings uncomfortably in the ear. Interpretatively, I find him on the hearty side, too extrovert and expansive, lacking in poetry and mellowness. He cannot compare with the three great post-war exponents of the part—Schorr, Rode or Bockelmann. His glorious voice makes the most of the great climax "Nun aber kam Johannistag," but he does not touch us with the preceding "Der Flieder war's: Johannisnacht!" and there is no hint of tears in his reply to the acclamations of the crowd in the final scene. He is at his best in the Beckmesser dialogue and the last scene of all. Torsten Ralf is a Walther well above the general level, giving frequent musical pleasure and never letting us down; as Walthers go, that is much. Martin Kremer's David has charm and a more lyrical touch than most, though I should have liked a still smoother delivery of the *Johannesprüchlein*. Margarete Teschemacher is a competent but uninteresting Eva, insensitive in point of diction and style: it is largely her matter-of-fact delivery of the opening phrases that mars the effect of the Quintet. How one longs for Tiana Lemnitz, or Lotte Lehmann in her best days! But, when all drawbacks have been admitted, this set must be acknowledged as a splendid performance of an incomparable masterpiece.

* * *

These words may be applied without any qualification at all to an album of four Parlophones containing Mozart's *C minor Fantasia and Sonata* (K. 475 and 457), played by Lili Kraus.

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On Wednesday, May 17th, our showrooms will remain open during the evening for the purpose of demonstrating Davey Radio. We shall be taking the broadcast of the fifth in the series of Beethoven Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Under the conductorship of Toscanini, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra will be playing the Overture, Leonora No. 1, and the 8th and 7th Symphonies. We shall welcome the presence of any readers of THE NEW STATESMAN who like to take advantage of this opportunity of hearing a first-class concert reproduced by a first-class instrument. Acceptance of this invitation will, of course, imply no sort of obligation.

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THE Thirteenth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer, Limited, was held on May 9th last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Mr. Simon Marks (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said :—

The net profit for the past year amounted to £1,782,000, an increase over last year of £179,500.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

After deducting Income Tax, National Defence Contribution and dividends already paid there is left an available balance of £1,099,800, which the Directors recommend should be appropriated as follows :—

Transfer to Staff Benevolent and Pensions Fund..	£25,000
Debenture Redemption Fund	£12,500
Properties Contingency Reserve	£93,000
General Reserve Account	£342,200
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary shares at the rate of 27½ per cent., thus making 42½ per cent. for the year ended March 31st, 1939	£528,600
By carrying forward to next year's accounts ..	£98,500

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors further recommend that £192,200 from the General Reserve Account be capitalised, and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and "A" Ordinary shares of the Company in the proportion of one "A" Ordinary share for every ten Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary shares held.

RESERVES

The General Reserve will stand at £2,150,000, the whole of which is invested in the business.

The Freehold Properties Depreciation Reserve has increased to £313,000, and the appropriation of £93,000 will bring the Properties Contingency Reserve up to £300,000. Freehold, Leasehold and Leased Properties now stand at £8,849,000, a net increase of £854,500.

Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment, after depreciation, stand at the sum of £824,500, being an increase of £95,100.

Cash with the Bankers and in hand stands at £935,300.

A REVIEW OF PROGRESS

There has been a progressive increase in profit each year. In 1927 it was £88,000, and this year £1,782,000.

In that period many things have changed—character and size of premises, the range and quality of the merchandise, and what is of the greatest importance, a personnel trained to deal with the manifold problems raised by the development of the business as a whole. We have acquired a goodwill amongst the buying public, based upon satisfaction in their dealings with us over a long period.

It has been our purpose to supply our public with the best values in material, design and finish. A real transformation in values has taken place due to our collaboration with many of the foremost manufacturers and producers of the country, with whom we are happy to say we maintain the most cordial relationship. Over 94 per cent. of the manufactured goods we sold last year were British made. We have put at the disposal of the producer a real contact with the consumer who purchases his goods, and we have given the consumer the advantage of the economies in production which spring from large-scale demand.

Our business is one which is mainly concerned with supplying the necessaries of life to a vast consuming public, in wearing apparel, footwear of every description, and foodstuffs. To-day we are amongst the largest distributors of food in the country.

DEVELOPMENT

Our principal development in recent years has taken the form of increasing the size of existing units rather than of increasing their number. Your Board is satisfied that this new class of store holds out corresponding possibilities for developing the scope and the activity of our business.

The increase of counter space is nearly 10 per cent. over the previous year. We now have a selling counter space measuring nearly 44 miles. During the year we opened 10 new stores, including three removals, and have extended 23 existing stores. One unit has been closed. The total number of stores in operation is now 234.

The coming year's development at present deals with four new stores, two being replacements, and 20 extensions.

FINANCE

We have made arrangements to borrow up to an amount of £2,000,000. We have so far taken up an advance of £500,000, at a rate of interest of 4 per cent. The Board may utilise a favourable moment to make an issue of share capital to replace the loan, but at present have no such intention. We are, however, taking up in the near future a further sum of £500,000 on the existing terms.

NATIONAL SERVICE

To date about 4,600 of our staff, that is to say some 25 per cent., have been trained in First Aid or Anti-Gas, as Wardens, Fire-Fighters, or Decontaminators. Each of our stores has been organised to meet an emergency in so far as medical supplies, fire-fighting and rescue equipment are concerned.

I think it is proper at this meeting to express appreciation of the public spirit which has induced so many of our employees to take up this most important work.

An expenditure of £20,000 has already been incurred in carrying out our present measures. Further obligations will devolve upon the Company, which will necessitate the expenditure of considerable sums in the coming year.

In regard to recruitment for the Territorial Army, we have for some time past given every facility to those of our employees who have volunteered for service. We allow them the necessary time off for training and to attend camp with full pay, in addition to their normal holidays with full pay.

WELFARE AND STAFF

I have in previous years given some account of the welfare work carried out by your Company for the benefit of its staff, which now numbers 18,500. All these activities have been maintained and extended. We attach the greatest importance to the general well-being of our staff. There has been a progressive improvement both in working conditions and wages, and working hours have been reduced to an average of 44 per week. Welfare work will cost the Company £122,000 this year, as against £108,000 last year.

An organisation like ours gives opportunities for advancement to employees with the right capacity, not only to the male members of our staff but also to the women. In practice the vast majority of vacancies in the higher ranks are filled from people in the lower ranks. There is a real career open to those who possess initiative and ability.

The Group Life Assurance and Pensions Fund provides for our senior employees a pension on retirement and protection for their families in the event of death or disablement.

I am glad to report that the Staff Benevolent Fund is now carrying out some of the beneficent purposes which it was designed to meet. Voluntary pensions have been arranged for a number of our older and sick employees who have deserved well of the Company by years of loyal and devoted labour.

I take this opportunity, on behalf of the Board, of thanking each and every member of our staff for the devotion and loyalty which they have shown to the Company.

Mr. Marks then moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts.

(*Continued on page 757*)

Taken together, as Mozart intended them to be taken, the two compositions form his profoundest contribution to the literature of the solo piano. The extraordinary dramatic variety of the Fantasia is answered by the powerful formal concision of the Sonata; a serious, almost tragic note pervades both—as though Mozart had had a premonition of what the key of C minor was to mean to Beethoven. (How deeply the work impressed Beethoven we may guess from his *Sonata Pathétique*.) Mme. Kraus's playing of the music is distinguished by all the virtues that make her the best recording pianist of the day: keen rhythmic sense, absolute clarity (thanks largely to discreet pedalling), beautiful tone, and an unfailing sense of style in all questions of phrasing and dynamics. She conveys infectiously her own delight in what she is doing; she vitalises every comer of the music, so that what may have looked a conventional scale-passage on the page is suddenly revealed as fresh, delicious music. Never bored herself, she cannot bore others; she is the perfect counterpart of Beecham, and how I wish they would get together and record a Mozart concerto.

The three quartets which Mozart wrote for that enthusiastic 'cellist Frederick II of Prussia are rightly judged as inferior to the six dedicated to Haydn, and not even the beautifully stylish playing of the Lener Quartet can arouse much interest in so flat a movement as the *andante*. Nevertheless one welcomes these three Cols., for, since the deletion of the H.M.V. Budapest set, no other has been available. The month brings two Haydn Symphonies, both of the front rank, one would say, were it not so difficult to think of any Haydn Symphony that belongs anywhere else. Neither has been recorded before: Walter, whose Haydn series is as worth following as Beecham's Mozart, plays the puckish *No. 86 in D major* with the L.S.O. on 3 H.M.V.s; while Viscount Konoye, with the Berlin Philharmonic, manages to get the graver *No. 91 in E flat major* on to 3 small Deccas, not quite so well recorded but costing just half as much. Both strongly recommended. Weingartner conducts the L.S.O. in a cool and distinguished reading of the Handel *Concerto Grosso No. 5*—not one of the best of the set, perhaps (2 Cols.). Decca continue their valuable explorations: a single-record Dittersdorf *Viola Sonata* is mostly dull eighteenth-century jig-jog, but I warmly commend to your notice the Guillaume Lekeu *Adagio for String Orchestra* (Boyd Neel, two records, with a fine Bach *Arioso*). The composer was a brilliant young pupil of Franck who died in 1894 at the age of twenty-four, and his work shows clear traces of his master's idiom and that of the recently produced *Parsifal*. But it is not sickly, it has an individual taste, and it is beautifully laid out for a solo quartet against the body of strings. I have kept to the end one of the best orchestral records ever issued: a single Col. containing *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* conducted by Beecham. It is sheer perfection, not a single strand of the ravishing score having been lost.

There are a crowd of pianists and all too little space to discuss them. Kentner's *Hammerklavier Sonata* (Beethoven) on five Columbias is well recorded and played with unusual clarity of texture, but the performance is almost ludicrously inadequate to the spiritual content of the music. Romantic rallentandos disfigure almost every bar, and the glorious *Adagio* is reduced to the level of a Song Without Words. There is Schnabel's interpretation, richly felt and soberly judged; but those who dislike the school of pianism "qui tend à rendre l'energie et l'impétuosité du style beethovenien par un jeu rude et violent" (Rolland) will prefer the very satisfactory Kempff set on Decca. This pianist now contributes to the same list a welcome little record of Beethoven's *Rage Over a Lost Penny*, that rondo which never seems quite so savage as the circumstances demand! Chopin's *Second Concerto in F minor* (really his First) may be a little long-winded for the material of its first movement, but its *Larghetto* remains one of the jewels of romantic music, and its ornament is the perfection of the decorative style. A set of four H.M.V.s played by Cortot with an orchestra under Barbirolli shows an exquisite feeling for *rubato* and phrasing, but whether one prefers it to the earlier versions by Rubinstein and Marguerite Long is simply a matter of personal taste; all are good, Rubinstein the richest tonally. Emil Sauer (Col.) gives a delicate reading of two fine Liszt pieces: the third *Consolation* and the first *Valse Oubliée*. Borowsky has been playing a long series of the *Hungarian Rhapsodies* for Decca; but not even his temperate musicianship can reconcile me to this aspect of Liszt. Petri (Col.) adds one more to his Busoni series: the attractive *Sonatina in usum Infantis* which contains some of the thematic material used in *Arlecchino*.

Vocal records are unusually good. The two Brahms songs for contralto with viola obbligato make a fascinating and most successful experiment in colour, and one to which two Decca records (Nancy Evans, Douglas Thomson and Myers Foggin) do more than justice. Miss Evans makes a lovely thing out of the first, *Gestillte Sehnsucht*, which has never been recorded before; the other, *Geistliches Wiegenlied*, has been made on a single H.M.V. side by Elena Gerhardt. Tiana Lemnitz completes the five Wagner Wesendonck songs on two Deccas, the last side being occupied by a tender performance of Schubert's *An Grabe Anselmos*; for some reason she records better for Decca than for H.M.V., and all these are beautifully sung, especially *Der Engel*: the songs too are in their way first-rate. Lina Pagliughi (Parlophone) makes her best record yet in Rossini's romantic "Selva opaca" (*William Tell*) coupled with a not so good performance of Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles* cavatina. The tenor Giovanni Malipiero (Parlophone) displays a good voice and considerable distinction of style in arias from *Tosca* and *Mefistofele*. Edith Evans and John Gielgud (H.M.V.) record the scene from *The Importance of Being Earnest* in which Lady Bracknell interviews John Worthing; she is perhaps too consciously dragonsome, but at least the world need never lose the sound of her outraged *glissando* from bass to treble on the word "a *handbag*!"

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 480

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Current usage of certain English words is frequently so different from their dictionary meaning that we offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for new definitions, with examples, of the following: civilisation; Fascism; happiness; By Jingo; masterpiece; promising; amusing; storm; love.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 19th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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Plebs
CONTENTS MAY ISSUE
Collective Insecurity by J. P. M. Millar, American Labour To-day by Gordon Walker, Trades Unionism's Debt to Francis Place by Jas. Burbridge. Some Propaganda Tricks by Edward Conze, Marxism and Philosophical Error by Raymond Postgate. Other Contributors include Lilo Linke, W. T. Colyer, O. R. Cruchley, Bernard Sullivan and Arthur Woodburn. Maps by J. F. Horrabin. Cartoons by Boyle. 3d. (4d. post free) or 2/6 per dozen. 15, South Hill Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

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MARKS AND SPENCER—(*Continued from page* 755)

MR. I. M. SIEFF'S REMARKS

Mr. Israel M. Sieff, B. Com. Vice-Chairman, in seconding the Resolution, said :—

The results of the last year's trading are ample evidence of the success of our development policy, and the benefits which have come from the close co-operation between the manufacturer and ourselves.

I want to take this opportunity of adding my expressions of appreciation to our suppliers for their readiness to work along these lines of mutual understanding. Without their active interest in our policy and methods it would be difficult to obtain the values which are essential to maintain the goodwill of our public.

I would like to join the Chairman in his observations on the devotion of all ranks of our staff to the interests of the Company, during a rather difficult year of international tension. We can congratulate ourselves on possessing a band of loyal workers, who look to our business for their future and their career, and who therefore are most anxious to forward the progress of the Company.

The Resolution for the adoption of the Report and Accounts was carried unanimously.

Resolutions were also passed re-electing the Auditors and the Director who retired by rotation, also approving the proposed capitalisation of reserves and the bonus issue.

It was announced that Dividend Warrants and Allotment Letters in respect of Bonus Shares will be posted on June 2nd to Shareholders whose names were on the Register of Members on May 1st, 1939.

Company Meeting

SPILLERS LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS

THE Right Honourable Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Ltd., presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Company on Saturday at Cardiff, said that the increase in the issued share capital of the Company had been occasioned by the acquisition of the Ordinary Share Capital of Hosegood Industries Ltd., and the issue of further Co-partnership shares to the Staff. The depreciation on the Company's investments at the 31st January was a little greater than that at the corresponding date of the previous year, but it was covered several times over by the Investment Reserve.

The alteration in the amount invested in subsidiary companies was accounted for principally by the sale of the Company's interest in the British Oak Insurance Co., Ltd., to the Union Insurance Society of Canton Ltd., and the purchase of the Ordinary Share Capital of Hosegood Industries Ltd.

The trading profit for the year reflected an increase of some £64,000, but the incidence for the first time of the full National Defence Contribution and the increase in provision for taxation, resulted in the net balance of £422,000 being only £11,000 higher than the previous year. In addition to the burden of taxation, it had been necessary to spend considerable sums on Air Raid Precautions, and to take such steps as would enable the Company's business—an essential industry—to be conducted, in the event of national emergency, with as little dislocation as possible. The Company had done everything possible to encourage its employees to join the Territorial Army, and the Board had announced that so far as lay in their power, they would, in the event of war, make good to those employees who might be called upon to serve with H.M. Forces, the difference between their salary or wages and the pay and other benefits derived by them whilst serving.

MILL AT NEWCASTLE COMPLETED

During the year the new mill at Newcastle had been completed, whilst an extension in the silo capacity at London, to 38,000 tons, had been effected. All the Company's mills and factories were being kept up-to-date in every respect, in accordance with the Directors' policy.

The trend in the wheat market had, throughout the year, been downwards, supplies having been in excess of demand. In the maize market, however, the supply and demand position had been more evenly balanced. There had been increased deliveries in the Company's Animal and Poultry foods, as well as in all proprietary products.

Sir Norman Vernon, representing the Millers, had been concerned with the Food Defence Plans of the Government, and the Company had also been prominent in assisting the Government in the purchase and storage of reserve supplies of wheat.

In October last, Mr. Edgar Baker, the Deputy Chairman, who had been a Director of the Company for 35 years, retired under the age limit rule, and his place as Deputy Chairman had been taken by Sir Norman Vernon. Mr. Laurence Hosegood had been appointed a member of the Board.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY

MR. LIONEL N. DE ROTHSCHILD'S ADDRESS

The annual general court of the Alliance Assurance Company, Ltd., was held on May 10th, at the head office in London.

Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, O.B.E. (the chairman), said that 1938 being the last year of the current quinquennium, the customary actuarial investigation had been made, and he was glad to be able to say that in spite of the greater stringency in the method of valuation adopted, which included further strengthening of miscellaneous reserves, the opinion that he had expressed a year ago that the results would be quite satisfactory had been more than realised. A surplus of £2,461,112 was disclosed and a compound reversionary bonus of 38s. per cent. per annum had been declared on with-profits policies in force on December 31, 1938. He thought it would be agreed that that was a very satisfactory result.

RECORD NEW LIFE BUSINESS.

The new life business completed during the year amounted to £4,205,415, which was a record figure in the history of the Company. That increase was due to a very large endowment assurance pension scheme, and he would like to stress the assistance which those schemes were to employers. Proposals for the normal types of policies had been received in satisfactory numbers, although the unsettled general situation had militated against new business. He would like once more to bring to their notice the Alliance family protection policy.

The premium income in the active Alliance life account had increased to £1,473,710, and the life and annuity funds amounted to £22,508,744, an addition of £458,224. In the fire department the net premiums amounted to £2,211,252, being £35,152 more than in 1937. Claims amounted to £769,148, being £23,359 more, and the loss ratio was £34 15s. 8d. per cent., which was extremely satisfactory. The result of the year, after increasing the additional reserve by £100,000, was £460,822 carried to profit and loss account.

In the accident department there had been a gratifying expansion, the premium income amounting to £1,491,872, which was £65,116 larger than last year. The surplus in the combined accident account was £112,162, making £175,903 transferred to profit and loss.

MARINE POSITION

The marine premium income was some £6,000 lower than in 1937. Hull premiums showed an increase owing to the application of the joint hull understandings. Reference to the results during the last few years showed how necessary those understandings were, and he was glad to say that they were being fully maintained. The position as regarded cargo business remained unsatisfactory.

Turning to the profit and loss account, it would be seen that £100,000 had been allocated to reserve and £50,000 to the staff pension fund, and a slightly larger sum had been carried forward. In view of the many difficulties of the past year, he hoped it would be agreed that the results disclosed were extremely gratifying. He had referred last year to the adverse effect of disturbed world conditions on the market prices of nearly all Stock Exchange securities. During 1938 they had experienced a further series of major international shocks. The margin between the market values and book values had again declined, but at December 31 last there was still a comfortable surplus.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 478

Set by H. B. Mallalieu

Humane societies view with favour a proposal to impose a tax on cats, on the grounds that any step which will increase the status of the cat is desirable. The usual prizes are offered for the best poem, of not more than 24 lines, on this subject.

Report by H. B. Mallalieu

One of the ideas of this competition was to give competitors a change from international politics. The cat, however, seems as deeply involved as any of us. Mr. R. R. Greenfield informs us that :

The " Stampa " and
The " 12-Uhr Blatt "
Can't understand
The British cat.

But

In spite of them
The British cat
Remains a dem-
O-plutocrat.

For the rest, the competitors were mainly divided into two classes, those who looked at the tax from the cat's point of view and maintained that the cat had enough status already, and those who regarded the problem from the taxpayer's point of view and held that he had enough taxes already. Mr. F. A. Roebuck nearly had a winner with his parody of the Hiawatha style, which contained the lines :

We, who slay for man the raiders
Of the Mouse-King Mickeyhaha,
We will forage in the gutters,
We will serenade the she-cats
In the alley ways of Paris.

More amusing, however, was Mr. A. K. Milne's excellent parody of *Archy and Mehitabel* with its :

listen where do they get this
stuff about status
taxed like a lot of
damned
creamfed flunkeys
status indeed
two exclamation points
lets have a law
abolishing lids on
garbage cans. . . .

This was a little too near the original being parodied. Few competitors agreed that the social status of the cat needed raising, while others put the cat's idea on the subject, as when an ageing tom remembers the days before the tax and finally says,

I must confess a social status
To me seems pretty small potatoes.

The entries were so varied, it was difficult to come to any decision. On the whole the results were disappointing because the political aspects were rarely forgotten. I think Allan M. Laing's entry is the most successful of the lot. I recommend that his entry be awarded first prize and " Pibwob's " the second.

FIRST PRIZE

The cat, in our opinion, said the R.S.P.C.A.,
Isn't getting quite its proper share of glory ;
And we've lain awake at nights wondering how the precious mites
Could emerge into a higher category.

We entertained suggestions—first : a Birthday Honours List ;
But we thought that seemed a little pettifogging :
It would make a cat turn pale, having letters on its tail :
And the notion's hardly worth our cataloguing.

Conscription is a privilege much valued, so they said ;
But you know what modern cats are—sort of loafy :
There would certainly be snores if you asked them to form fours :
The plan is just inviting cata-strophe.

But now you mention taxes : that's another pair of shoes :
Not a self-respecting citizen but has 'em ;
And since cats won't have to pay, why, it seems in every way
For all feline pride a soothing cataplasm.

And when the cat-tax is in force, 'twill be our hope and joy
(With the canine status relatively falling)
To trace a kind of gloat in the plainly prouder note
Of our newly-honoured cats when caterwauling.

ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE

The elder-world Egyptians,
Awake to wisdom's way,
Invoked us in inscriptions
And mummified our clay ;
But fashion's new flapdoodle
Now numbers such a noodle
As Pom or Peke or Poodle,
The dog that has its day.

The leopard and the lion,
The tiger autocrat
Are shamed not in their scion,
The dwarfed domestic cat,
But we, their brood and bevy,
The hearts of us are heavy—
Come, clap on us a levy,
And tit the canine tat !

And then no longer shabby
Shall be the risen ranks
Of Tortoiseshell and Tabby
And Siamese and Manx.
When filled is that hiatus
That used to derogate us,
We'll hail our higher status
With fitting feline thanks.

" PIBWOB "

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 332.—TEN PIECES OF SILVER

" Here are ten pieces of silver," said Surd-Cipher, producing them from his pocket with the air of a conjurer. " They have a total face value of ten shillings."

" Plutocrat," said I.

" I take them," said Surd-Cipher, ignoring my comment, " and I toss them all in the air. So."

" So what ? "

" Have a look at them, as they lie on the carpet there, and tell me what is the face value of the coins that have come down heads."

I inspected the coins. " Three shillings, Surd-Cipher."

" Good," said Surd-Cipher. " Now tell me this. What is the *a priori* probability of that particular result ? "

I was getting to work on the back of an envelope, when Surd-Cipher interrupted me. " That isn't really," he said, " the problem I wanted you to solve."

" What is it then ? " I asked tetchily.

" This. How does the probability that the face value of the heads will be three shillings compare with the probability that their face value will be, say, seven shillings ? We had a discussion at the Club about it. I said it was this——." He handed me a slip of paper

I looked at his figures, then studied once again the ten coins on the carpet.

" You're wrong, Surd-Cipher," I said. " If you've got a bet on this, you've lost."

What is the answer to Surd-Cipher's problem ?

PROBLEM 330.—" HE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER."

Algebraic Solution by J. Temple.

Basil's age is 19.

Let Basil's present age be a years and Muriel's be b years and Desmond's be c years. Then we have to solve the following equations :—

(i) $(a + 1)(a + b + c + 3) = 1{,}100$
(ii) $b(a + b + c) - (b - 1)(a + b + c - 3) = 100$
(iii) $(c + 1)(a + b + c + 3) - (c - 1)(a + b + c - 3) = 200$
(ii) gives $a + 4b + c = 103$
(iii) gives $a + b + 4c = 100$

$$\therefore 3(b - c) = 3$$
$$\text{or } b = c + 1$$
$$\therefore a + 5c = 99$$
$$\text{and } c = \frac{99 - a}{5} \text{ and } b = \frac{104 - a}{5}$$

Substitute in (i)

$$(a + 1)(5a + 99 - a + 104 - a + 15) = 5{,}500$$
$$(a + 1)(3a + 218) = 5{,}500$$
$$\text{or } 3a^2 + 221a - 5282 = 0$$
$$(3a + 278)(a - 19) = 0$$

i.e. $a = 19$
and $b = 17$
$c = 16$

PROBLEM 329.—CANTATA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to A. K. Bolland, 10 Percy Street, Liverpool, 8. *Three* points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

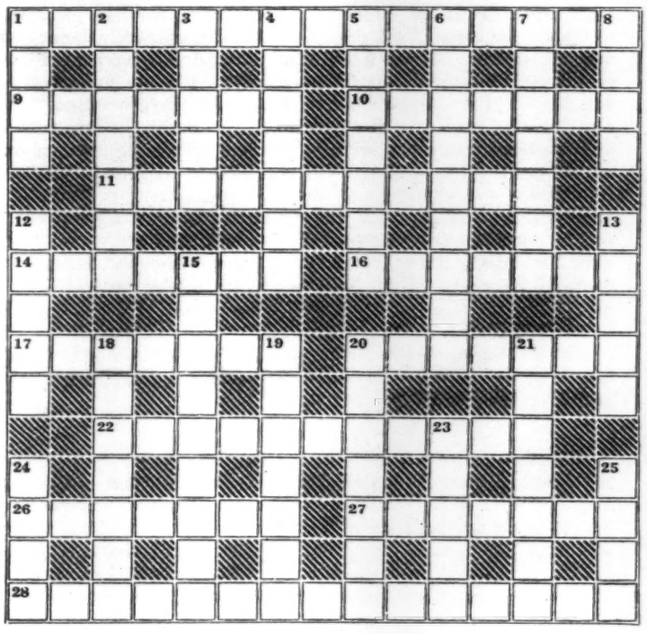
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 479

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

H. S. French, 29 Knoll Rise, Orpington

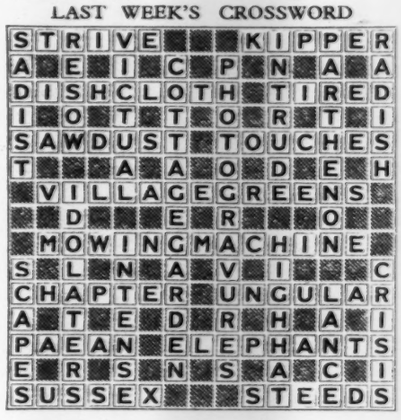
ACROSS

1. Two very good words for the lines of the lips. (15)
9. Diurnal accomplishment of the road-spraying machine. (7)
10. One's place on the line. (7)
11. Divide with the peasant. (11)
14. Deprived of American citizenship? (7)
16. Often underlined. (7)
17. They sail with lines to the East. (7)
20. A loud story courteously expressed. (7)
22. In this latitude we get this merely relayed from the moon. (11)
26. Ah! no pro would use such a weapon. (7)
27. This does not mean *bolts* from the blue. (7)
28. Continental connections. (15)

DOWN

1. Cricketers do not use them correspondingly. (4)
2. The only man on board who heard the sirens. (7)
3. A former telephone exchange? (5)
4. You dare eat such bread. (7)
5. They can evidently knock spots off such rulers. (7)
6. Good companion for Yorkshire. (9)
7. One is usually getting on all right when one has a foot in it. (7)
8. Runs out in time. (4)
12. Perhaps one of the King's episodes? (5)
13. Methodical fraternity. (5)
15. Collapse of an enclosure. (9)
18. The country that supplied labourers for the Tower of Babel. (7)
19. Herb to give you leg spin. (7)
20. It would be a rash cat who would get into this. (7)
21. The years during which they accept you for the orchestra? (7)
23. The rat is in line. (5)
24. In the Observatory at Greenwich ice can be seen on the moon. (4)
25. Does produce lines. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Holiday Suggestions Abroad

Continued from page 753

FIONNAY, SWITZERLAND. 5,000 ft. alt. Central Alps; reached by Autoposte from Sembrancher Station, half hour beyond Martigny. Superb walks and flora; base for eleven climbs over 10,000 ft. Hotel Carron. 7s. 6d. full pension.

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PYRENEES. Anglo-French family would receive few guests in quiet comfortable country house. Write: Mme. DANNATT, Rébénacq (B. Pyr.) France.

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SOVIET travel is more popular than ever this year. Details of special tours and individual travel to the U.S.S.R. from PROSPECT TOURS, LTD. (ON), 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

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WELL-RECOMMENDED Guest House. Single and double rooms. Good garden. 9 Winchester Avenue, N.W.6.

BLOOMSBURY. Unfurnished one-roomed flatlet. Private entrance and kitchen. Others with use kitchens. Mus. 8059 before 1.15 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Attractive furnished room, hot water, bath, service, 15s. 9d. Gas fire, ring, telephone. Tube near. 18 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

TWO furnished or unfurnished rooms vacant in woman's attractive flat; 25 minutes Central London. Delightful outlook. 26s. unfurnished, including gas, elec. BURTON, 54 Champion Hill, S.E.5.

HOLLAND PARK. Large, bright divan rooms, overlooking gardens. H. & C. From 15s. One min. buses. Park 4329.

ETON AVENUE, Swiss Cottage. Those interested in International Friendship, good food and hot baths, ring Pri. 6466. 2 *gns.* per week.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6d. part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6s. BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c. from 12s. 6d. Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

NOTTING HILL GATE (1 min.). New unfurnished flatlets, overlooking lovely gardens. Luxuriously equipped. Concealed h. and c. basins. Built-in cupboards. Service, meals as required. From £1 weekly 62 Kensington Park Road, W.11. Park 4589.

CHELSEA. 29 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 9864. Unusually attractive service rooms. H. & C. 25s. and 32s. 6d., including breakfast. Ample bathrooms.

MODERN Service Rooms with baths, breakfast, 6s. 6d. per night; from 27s. 6d. per week. FLAX. 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CHELSEA. 36 Oakley Street. Comfortable divan rooms from 27s. 6d. to 35s. per week, with breakfast, light and service. Flaxman 0276.

FURNISHED. Large room, suit one or two. Near Tube. 25s. Primrose 4458.

UNFURNISHED. Three large sunny rooms in top flat, Maida Vale. Kitchenette, all conveniences. £1 week. Box 4938.

W.C.1. Divan room (in private flat). Bed, breakfast, bath, light. 30s. Close buses, tubes. Ring mornings before 11 o'clock. Terminus 3854.

GORDON SQUARE. Divan room to let in quiet house, 22s. 6d. weekly. Use of kitchen by arrangement. Box 4955.

BED-SITTING room, redecorated, refurnished cream, Private house, charming garden. Inclusive kitchen. gas, etc., 17s. 6d. Primrose 6534.

15 DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.1. Modern unfurnished room overlooking garden. DANE, CHAncery 7426, mornings or after 6.

YOUNG DUTCHMAN desires accommodation as paying guest in private English family in London last two weeks of June. Box 4933.

FOR THE TABLE

EMPIRE COFFEE.—3lbs. finest Kenya Coffee, freshly roasted, berry or ground, for 5s. 6d., post paid in United Kingdom.—Write RALPH RICHARDSON, Coffee Planter, Coffee Depot, Ware, Herts.

FINEST HAND-PREPARED CASHEW NUTS, salted or unsalted, half- and one-pound sealed tins, 2s. 3d., 4s., post free. DREW'S COCKTAIL NUTS, LTD., 387B King Street, London, W.6.

FURNISHING

SUMMER Curtains and Rugs in bright stripes, from Cyprus, handwoven, of a rich colour and texture. Curtains 3s. 6d. per yard; Rugs, 72" long, 16s. each. Sole Importer, Gerald Holtom, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 751

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET RALLY—HOME RAILS IMPROVE—INFLATION AND SHORTAGES—MEXICAN OIL

On this volatile Stock Exchange sentiment has changed again—this time for the better. I noted last week the recovery in the gilt-edged market. Whether this was initiated by Government support or not, the recovery has gone farther and has spread into the industrial markets as well. It is difficult to say that this change in sentiment was prompted by political views, but the City is always prone to jump at any suggestion that the Polish crisis might be settled by negotiation instead of war. The optimists have, therefore, been arguing that the fall in the Actuaries Investment Index of industrial ordinary shares to an average yield basis of over 6 per cent. has largely discounted the political situation abroad. No one will deny that it has over-discounted the industrial situation at home.

* * *

Rail's have been prominent in this week's recovery. If the current trend of traffic is continued, as seems inevitable, the total traffic loss this year will have been wiped out, and a net gain shown, by the end of June. Moreover, the lines' net revenues will be higher to the extent of the economics effected in the second half of last year. Some optimists are already working out the possible net gains for the main lines for the whole of 1939 and have arrived at figures equivalent to about 2½ per cent. on L.M. & S. 1923 preference, 2½ per cent. on L.N.E.R. 1st preference and an extra 1¼ per cent. on Great Western ordinary. The demand for the junior railway stocks which these calculations evoked found the market as usual devoid of stock. Some remarkable rises have therefore been seen :—

	Low Prices 1939	Prices Mar. 15	Present Prices
L. & N.E. 4% 2nd G'teed	47	63½	62
L. & N.E. 4% 1st Preference ..	19	32	31½
L.M. & S. 4% Preference	37½	56¼	58
L.M. & S. 4% 1923 Preference ..	20	37	38

On March 18th I recommended a purchase of these stocks, for speculative purposes only, on any market reaction, which in fact occurred afterwards to the extent of 4 or 5 points. It will be observed that present prices are only back to the levels of March 15th. Subject to Herr Hitler, there may be a further rise when the Transport Advisory Council's report is published on May 19th. But again I would emphasise how much more risky speculation has become since lawlessness returned to Europe.

* * *

Armaments expenditure may bring this country, sooner than expected, within measurable reach of saturation point, so far as supplies of some materials and of trained labour is concerned. In April the daily output of steel exceeded 44,000 tons, as compared with 43,370 tons in March and just over 40,400 tons in February. Current production, even before subsidy-stimulated shipbuilding demand has become effective, is now at the rate of over 13 million tons a year, and demand on A.R.P. account is likely to increase substantially. Maximum production is probably of the order of 14 million tons, so that shortage of supplies is a by no means remote possibility. Material shortages, however—except possibly in the case of machine tools—are a less imminent danger than local "bottle-necks" in supply of labour. Between January and April no less than 410,000 additional workers have been taken on by industry, as compared with 93,000 last year and a normal seasonal re-absorption of well under 200,000. The numbers still out of work, at 1,644,000, would appear, on the face of it, to represent an adequate reserve force, but it must be remembered that they include casual workers registered between jobs, elderly unemployables and a considerable army of young men and women without training or experience. There are probably fewer than 700,000 workers fit for re-entry into employment without "re-conditioning"; and re-absorption of these numbers would entail solving difficult problems of geographical transfer and housing. Labour shortage in the Midland engineering industry, where numbers out of work are infinitesimal, is not automatically overcome by the existence of unemployed cotton operatives in Lancashire. If the "multiplier" influence of deficit Government finance continues to operate conditions of true, inflationary shortage will not take long to materialise.

* * *

It becomes the more essential that the Treasury should have its plans for applying the brake ready betimes. As a method of restricting consumption a turn-over tax would have the disadvantage of increasing living costs all round and so leading to demands for higher wages which would start a vicious spirit of mounting costs. Heavy Excise duties on selected articles of consumption seem the more appropriate form of fiscal action in this direction; but it is equally necessary for Sir John Simon to be prepared with measures to tax profits. The Government has promised to "skim the cream" off profits in industries directly connected with armaments. It was a futile and illogical undertaking. First, profits can be tucked away in sub-contracts given to subsidiaries; and secondly, it is impossible to distinguish fairly between "excess" profits reaped by the builder of a battleship or a squadron of aeroplanes and those accruing to a manufacturer catering for the increased spending power of the armament-maker's employees. In conditions in which quickened economic activity is the result, simply and solely, of State expenditure, all industrial and commercial earnings are "connected" with armaments. The solution, I suggest, is not to endeavour to frame a new (and necessarily complicated) excess profits duty, but to double the rate of N.D.C., a tax whose system of collection is now working smoothly. If it be argued that the added burden would fall exclusively on equity shareholders, the answer is that holders of fixed-interest industrial stocks will suffer from the decreased purchasing power of money which is in prospect.

* * *

The oil market was cheered by the announcement of Mr. Donald Richberg, the lawyer representing the American and British oil interests, that an agreement with the Mexican Government was within reach on the basis of a long-term contract or lease under which the companies would operate the expropriated oil properties. Mexican Eagle shares rose to 9*s.* 3*d.*, which is 50 per cent. above the price ruling about a month ago. I would advise any investor who is tempted to have a fling to confine himself to Shell Transport. The last word has not yet been said regarding the dividend distribution for 1938. If the Royal Dutch decide to pay an extra final, in the light of the full accounts of the operating companies, the Shell Transport would no doubt follow suit proportionately.

Company Meeting

BIKAM RUBBER ESTATE

DIVIDEND OF 5 PER CENT.

THE 29th Ordinary General Meeting of the Bikam Rubber Estate, Ltd., was held on 10th May at 19, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Mr. H. Eric Miller (the chairman) said: The year 1938 was a disappointing one for rubber producers who had to face both an unsatisfactory market and the lowest average permissible export percentage of any year since the introduction of the Rubber Regulation Scheme.

For 1937 our average sale price was 9.39*d.* per lb. London landed equivalent; for 1938 it was 8.62*d.* per lb. and the realisation of that figure was assisted by some forward sales at good prices, coupled with the fact that our financial resources enabled us to hold off the market a substantial weight of rubber whilst the price was unduly low and bide our time to sell it at a more reasonable figure. The 1938 crop accounted for was 3,143,953 lbs. compared with 4,686,709 lbs. for 1937.

The production of a smaller crop had, however, one advantage, since it permitted of labour, which would otherwise have been needed for tapping, being used to speed up the cultivation programme of which I spoke last year. Part of the cost of this special cultivation could, quite properly, have been charged to "Reserve for Cultivation and Replacement," but the whole of it has been debited to cost of production.

The year's trading resulted in a credit balance of £31,659, which is only 4 10ths of the corresponding figure for 1937.

Re our holding in Universal Rubber Paviors, Limited, progress in the use of rubber as a road surfacing material is necessarily slow, particularly at a time like the present, when the activities of the country are so largely devoted to our defence programme.

It is generally recognised by the competent authorities that the stretches of road paved with rubber-capped blocks by Universal Rubber Paviors, Limited, of which Lombard Street in the City, and Cornmarket in Oxford are the most complete examples, represent an outstanding achievement in road construction. Although the first cost is higher than that of other road-surfacing materials, it may reasonably be claimed that such rubber-surfaced roads will prove to be truly economic, added to which they possess other specific advantages even under the heaviest traffic conditions, and we are not unhopeful that further orders will follow in due course.

The dividend of 5 per cent. less income tax which we are recommending is only half that of the previous year, but is none the less welcome, having regard to general conditions affecting our industry.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

LORD McGOWAN'S ADDRESS

The twelfth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held in London on Thursday, 11th May.

The RT. HON. LORD MCGOWAN, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Chairman of the Company, presided and said (in part):—

During the year Mr. H. J. Mitchell relinquished the office of the President of the Company. This step brought to an end a period of over 45 years service. No words of mine could adequately measure its value. He is remaining a member of the Board and of the Management Board. Lord Colwyn has also intimated his intention to resign his directorship. He will not entirely sever his connection with the Company for he has resumed his membership of the Dyestuffs Group Board. We shall miss his charming personality and you will all join with me in voicing our regret at his decision and our thanks for his services to the Company.

The Board were fortunate enough to be able to secure the services of Sir John Anderson, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., and Mr. Peter F. Bennett as members of the Board. Both of them need little introduction from me as they will be already well-known to you. Sir John Anderson's new appointment has taken him away from us after a very short period.

Mr. Peter Bennett is Chairman and Managing Director of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., also the President of the Federation of British Industries. We are very glad to have the added strength which he brings to our deliberations.

We have now had a year's experience with the new scheme of organisation affecting the higher control of the Company's affairs. I am pleased to say that it has functioned with outstanding success. We have found in it a new impetus towards the development and strength of the Company's organisation.

1938 AT HOME

Few of you will be without a clear impression of conditions at home in 1938. It was a year of trade uncertainty and political instability, culminating in the crisis last September.

During 1938 world trade in general and British activity in particular received the backwash of the sharp industrial setback experienced by the United States in the closing months of 1937. In that depression which came with startling rapidity and continued almost unabated through the first half of 1938, steel output—that index of modern industrialism—had fallen by January, 1938, to a very low level and showed but little change until June. Business in general displayed the same characteristics. The channel of economic influence between the United States and the rest of the world lies in the great volume of raw materials which America consumes—some 40 per cent. of world exports in normal conditions. In 1938 the United States reduced her imports by no less than £255 million below the level of 1937 and the sales to that country of the products of seven of the principal British countries overseas fell by £77 million. Canada, Malaya, India, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand and West Africa all lost heavily in purchasing power. It was not unnatural, therefore, that the United Kingdom exports to Empire countries decreased by £17 million and to foreign countries by £33 million.

This fall was chiefly concentrated in the iron and steel industries and in textiles. Exports of cotton yarns and manufactures were almost £19 million less; wool textiles nearly £9 million smaller; and in manufactures of iron and steel there was a fall of nearly £7 million. I may further note a decline of nearly £3½ million in the exports of non-ferrous metals and their manufactures and £2½ million in chemicals, drugs, dyes and colours. Our own trade clearly reflected these conditions. It was also affected by the pronounced decline in the sales of motor cars, the registrations of private cars, etc., falling in the 1937-38 season by 14½ per cent.

The rayon industry was also depressed—home production fell by 11 per cent. These are merely examples of two major home industries which are considerable users of our products but, interested as we are in almost all industry in the country, the general slackening off is reflected in the Annual Report which you have received. The Explosives and Metal Groups benefited directly and indirectly from the Government's defence programme. The rearmament programme contributed to the maintenance of industrial activity in 1938, but our own direct participation, as I have said to you before, is comparatively small. It is true that we have carried out a great deal of work for the Government, but in the main we have done so as advisers and supervisors, on the basis of modest fees, for the erection of factories, all the costs of which are for the account of the Government. While we have felt it our duty to do everything in this connection which we have been asked to do, it has imposed a very heavy strain on our technical staff, at the same time depriving us of many of their normal services for our own capital expenditure programme.

1938 ABROAD

In our export trade we have continued to experience many difficulties. There are still not lacking admonitions to British manufacturers to push and expand their export trade, but critics on these lines often forget the strict regulations of many importing countries. Licences to import or permits to acquire the necessary exchange for the remittance home of sales realisations are a constant barrier, not only to the expansion but the the maintenance of business. Exchange restrictions, quotas, clearing and payment agreements, continue to be the order of the export day.

Both Argentina and Brazil had bad export seasons last year. The official rate of sterling exchange for the former country was raised in November by 6 per cent. while Brazil reversed her coffee policy, lost her export surplus and continued to suspend payment on her overseas obligations. Local industries continue to develop in many countries. Our associated company in the Argentine, in which we are partners with Messrs. du Pont, was led in these conditions to participate last year with local interests in an enterprise for the manufacture of derivatives of caustic soda, chlorine, etc. In that development German and Belgian manufacturers also joined.

Japan's competition in world markets has been materially affected by the demands on her domestic industries arising out of the Sino-Japanese War. As a consequence, our own exports have been on a higher level in many markets and have realised better prices. We are not inclined to regard this as a permanent phase, however, and expect to see the revival of Japanese competition in the near future. In Japan itself, the Annual Report records that our business has practically ceased. The trading capital that has thereby been released is, however, frozen in that country.

The war in China has reduced our business there by a half, and its continuance is likely to have further adverse effects. No one will doubt the necessity of upholding Britain's markets and interests in China against Eastern competition. The credit guaranteed by the British Government has, I am sure, the entire approval of British concerns interested in that country.

The Civil War in Spain kept that market practically closed throughout 1938, while Palestine—almost another war area—gave us unsatisfactory results. In Italy, Roumania and Turkey, three countries with which the United Kingdom has clearing agreements, the slow progress of British purchases of their products puts a bar on the expansion of British exports unless more money is to be locked up in these clearings.

As last year, it is a relief to turn to the progress of our associated companies in the overseas Dominions. Canada was naturally affected by conditions in the United States but did not suffer so severely. We were therefore well content with the results of our associated company there.

South Africa remained extremely active throughout 1938, so that African Explosives and Industries, our associated company, again had a good year. I paid a visit to South Africa in January and February and had an opportunity on the spot of conferring with my South African colleagues on the future prospects of the company. I can assure you they are excellent in every respect. Extensions are being made at the factories near Cape Town and outside Johannesburg to take care of increasing demands.

Australian conditions generally remained very stable. Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand was well satisfied with the year's results. Good progress is being made with the erection of the new alkali works at Adelaide and work has commenced, as the Report states, on a new synthetic ammonia plant.

India, in common with other primary producing countries, suffered last year from the fall in world prices for her products, with a consequential effect on the value of the rupee. On the whole, our exports to our subsidiary, Imperial Chemical Industries (India), Limited, were satisfactory.

Concerning Argentina, Australia and India, we have adopted the policy of enlisting the financial participation and support of local interests in our enterprises in these countries. It is mainly responsible for the increase of £1,093,000 in the "Interest of Outside Shareholders" shown in the Consolidated Balance Sheet. We believe this policy to be sound and it is therefore one that we shall continue in the future as opportunities offer. National feelings, encouraged by Governments, have led these and other countries to insist upon the establishment of the chemical industry, rightly regarded as a basic necessity, within their own borders.

COMPETITION IN OVERSEAS TRADE

The total volume of world trade, which in 1937 had recovered to 97 per cent. of the 1929 total, fell again in 1938 to 88½ per cent. I have nothing but praise for the policy of Mr. Cordell Hull in building up a network of trade agreements between America and other countries, to which the addition last year of the Anglo-American Trade Agreement was a great and welcome achievement.

But attention has been paid to methods by which British export trade can be increased, and rightly so, for depression in the export

(Continued on page 762)

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

(*Continued from page 761*)

industries is the main factor in our heavy and serious unemployment problem. I have two suggestions to make.

First, I would suggest that a bolder course might be pursued on export credit guarantees. The limits of liability have recently been extended, but the proportion of export trade covered by this scheme is still comparatively small. Perhaps the explanation is to be found partly in the strict conditions appertaining to that scheme, particularly the requirement that, to cover currency risks, the whole of a trader's exports must be insured, and partly in the Treasury's insistence that the scheme must be run as a business proposition and make a profit. But there seems little need to insure export trade with the British Dominions, so that this requirement of totality might well be limited to all foreign (i.e., non-British) exports. Morever, the scheme might be more flexible and by lower rates of premium risk a loss.

Secondly, it has been said that more use should be made of the British purchasing power that is evidenced by the large excess of imports over exports into the United Kingdom from various foreign countries. That the Government concur in this view may be adduced from the energetic series of visits paid by Mr. Hudson to a number of European countries and by the decision to send an economic mission to Rumania.

These steps are warmly to be commended and I trust that they will prove fully successful. It has also been urged that more and larger credits should be extended to foreign countries for the purpose of purchases of British goods. The recent Turkish credit and the complementary formation of a company in this country to promote the sales of certain Turkish products are all in the right direction. But I would suggest that these objectives could be more fully achieved if we had better statistics of invisible exports than those available to-day.

Without them, an accurate computation of the balance of payments with a particular country—that essential statistic—is impossible. Detailed information is regularly published of the visible trade between this country and individual countries overseas, but no such detailed and reliable information is provided concerning the items of invisible trade, namely, the flow of income arising from investments and services such as shipping, insurance, banking, etc. The Government alone can collect and publish such figures and I should welcome steps in that direction.

Lastly, I would direct attention to the necessity of watching the price and cost structure at home. If British goods are too costly they cannot be sold in competition overseas. Too high a cost structure will enlarge and not diminish the volume of unemployment, so that, though some classes of workers may be better off, labour on the whole and particularly in the northern part of this country will suffer accordingly.

Finance

After providing for the Company's taxation and setting aside £1,500,000 for the Central Obsolescence and Depreciation Fund, the Company's net income for the year amounted to £7,061,000, which, compared with that for the previous year of £7,510,000, shows a decrease of £449,000, or 6 per cent. When regard is had to the fall in the volume of trade, the higher costs resulting from that decrease in volume, a higher wage level, dearer raw materials, notably coal, and of the difficulties of the international situation, these results cannot be regarded as other than satisfactory.

The year's appropriation required on account of the cost of past service for the Workers' Pension Fund was £173,000, and the Board appropriated £1,125,000 to the General Reserve. After these appropriations there was left £5,763,000 which, with the £556,000 brought forward from 1937, made a total available of £6,319,000. The Preference Dividend of £1,666,000 was paid on the due dates, leaving a balance of £4,653,000.

Out of this balance the Board recommend a final dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary stock, which, with the 3 per cent. interim dividend already paid, makes a total dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on that stock. The Ordinary Dividend requires a sum of £4,032,000 which will leave £621,000 to be carried forward to 1939.

The Chairman then dealt, at length, with the figures of the Company and the Consolidated balance sheet, in the course of which he said:—

The Company's dividend policy has always been closely related to the position of the Company's reserves. Both have been governed, with your approval, by prudently conservative considerations. The General Reserve has this year been brought to a total of £12,000,000. Obsolescence and Depreciation Reserves in the books of the Company and of those of its fully owned subsidiary companies in respect of which the Company undertakes to provide Obsolescence and Depreciation, was at 31st December last £4,982,000, compared with an aggregate book value of freehold buildings, plant and machinery of £44,850,000. A sum of £1,500,000 was added to the Central Obsolescence Fund this year and it has been necessary to draw upon that Fund to the extent of £1,475,000 for the purpose of writing down the value of fixed assets, which have lost their earning power, and been demolished or replaced out of capital. Provided the profits of future years permit, the Board would propose to strengthen this reserve still further.

Last year I told you that the Board's aim was to make your Company so strong financially that "its Stability shall remain unimpaired by even a major trade depression. They wish if possible to maintain a steady dividend policy lying within narrow limits through good and bad years alike."

But if your Board are to do this, then there must be available an adequate reserve. They hope to be able to build up such a reserve.

The authorised and issued capital of the Company remain practically unchanged. The market value of investments held by the Company this year stood above the book value, which appears in the Balance Sheet at £4,259,000.

The total taxation borne by the Company at home and abroad, including the National Defence Contribution in this country, amounted to £2,022,000, of which £1,508,000 was recovered or will be recovered from dividends paid or payable to the stockholders, leaving £514,000 to be borne by the Company. Continuing, the Chairman said:—

Research and Development

Research work is carried on in a number of laboratories attached to the respective manufacturing groups and we have now come to the conclusion that this organisation leaves gaps which require to be filled. We shall shortly take steps, therefore, to erect a Central Laboratory, in a situation convenient for general access, where work on subjects not covered by the Group organisations, including longer distance research may be carried on. Wherever possible we continue to extend our international contacts and collaborations in research.

It was our close and long standing relation for technical purposes with Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. that has given us the opportunity to acquire the rights for the British Empire, excluding Canada, to manufacture the new synthetic organic material nylon, recently patented by that Company. As some of the principal uses of this new product are in the textile industry with which we are not directly concerned, we entered into negotiations with Messrs. Courtaulds Limited for the formation of a joint company to carry out the manufacture of nylon yarns and fibres in the United Kingdom. The yarns and fibres manufactured by the joint company will, in due course, be made available to the existing silk and textile industries. Nylon, when drawn into fine filaments is closer in its actual chemical structure to real silk than anything yet made by man, and is actually stronger and more elastic than silk itself. Besides its use as a textile fibre, nylon may be worked up as bristles, racquet strings and fishing lines and as a plastic it has great potentialities.

Certain other recent research work is also now reaching the stage of first commercial development, to which we look in due course to provide promising advantages.

Staff and Labour Relations

This year again we have every reason to be proud of the loyalty and zeal of our staff and workers both at home and abroad. We have continued our common task in co-operation and friendship. A large and growing number of our employees have become members of the Territorial Forces. We have for several years given facilities for two weeks' attendance at camp each year without deduction of pay and without counting as normal leave the time so occupied. We have now extended these facilities to enable our employees to undertake the special training courses and we make up their emoluments to their normal pay. Subject to any overriding action by H.M. Government, we have decided that the difference between any man's net remuneration from the Company and the remuneration which he would receive while serving in H.M. Forces, with a modest adjustment for his maintenance, should be paid in full to all married men so serving, and to the extent of one-third to single men.

Our relations with organised labour continue to be happy. There is between us a mutual confidence, which is not only of great benefit to us but, I trust, equally satisfactory to all the Trade Unions. We are as much concerned as those organisations with the loyalty of members of the unions to their own authorities.

Prospects for 1939

Last year I said to you that after a steady upward movement of the profits of British industry over a period of five years the initial signals for a change had been given. I warned you that if it were true that a cyclical movement extending roughly over nine years was to be expected, then the general outlook for the next two or three years would not be prepossessing. The year 1938 has unfortunately borne out my remarks to some extent. The question is whether they are to be confirmed or reversed in 1939. Again the answer will depend to some extent on the United States. But it will depend still more upon world political conditions, for the forecast of which the industrialist cannot be held to be responsible. Among many uncertainties there is the one certainty that Government expenditure on the defence programme will be very much larger in 1939 than it was in the year before. It will give a stimulus to trade activity but of a scattered rather than a general nature and one to which your Company in particular cannot look for any abnormal effect.

Despite the anxieties attending the present political position there is a remarkable level of business confidence in the country as a whole which augurs well for general business. So far as this year has gone we are more than satisfied with the volume of trade we have done. It is in the Government's power to maintain general confidence and and the more active they show themselves in leading the new spirit that inspires the nation, the stronger that confidence will grow and with it the probability of a year that should prove satisfactory to the stockholders and enable the Board to pursue the policies which they have approved.

Before moving the Resolution the Chairman referred to the purchase of over 90 per cent. of the share capital and 98 per cent. of the Debentures of the Magadi Soda Company.

The Report was adopted and dividend resolutions carried.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Lecturer (Grade I) in the Department of Education.

Commencing salary £400, increasing to £500 per annum. The appointment will date from October 2nd, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before May 27th, 1939.

Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

DR. WILLIAMS' ENDOWED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, DOLGELLEY.

Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress, which will become vacant at the end of the Spring Term, 1940.

Applicants must hold an Honours Degree in Arts or Science of a British University. Boarding school experience is desirable. The salary offered is £750 per annum resident.

The School is recognised by the Board of Education. It was founded in 1875, the endowment dating from 1711. There is accommodation for 200 boarders and 100 day girls.

Applications (twenty copies), together with twenty copies each of not more than three testimonials (to be typewritten or printed) should be sent to the Clerk to the Governors, Dr. Williams' School, Dolgelley, not later than Monday, May 22nd. No special forms of application are supplied.

DERBY Diocesan Training College for Women. A History Lecturer is required in September, 1939. Good qualifications and some teaching experience essential. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal. Applications should be in at the latest by May 18th.

ELDERLY lady, slightly delicate health, requires help run small cottage Hampshire. Good plain cooking essential. 25s. Write MRS. KELLGREN, 105 Crouch Hill, N.8.

WILL someone recommend refugee as maid? Must speak English. Cooking. Fond of children. August. Box 4931.

ABLE girl required by National Organisation: rapid, accurate shorthand typing essential; varied, interesting work. State experience, salary required. Box 4981.

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